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DEVOTED TO RELIGION, LITERATURE & SOCIAL PROGRESS.

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View of St. Thomas, West Indies.

THE CANADIAN
METHODIST MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1885.

CRUISE OF H.M.S. "CHALLENGER."

BY W. J. J. SPRY, R.N.

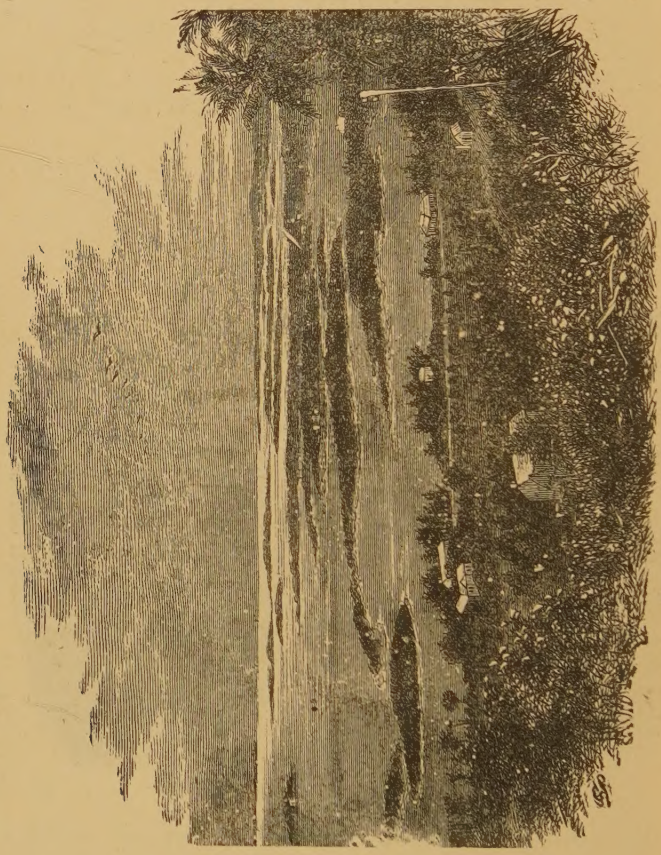
II.

CAMBER AND FLOATING DOCK, BERMUDA.

As the evening of the 14th of February dawned, we left the bay of Santa Cruz, dispensing with steam when well clear of the land. The bright moonlight afforded us a capital view of the Peak, which frowned down in all its grandeur, clearly and sharply defined, and its head hoary with many a winter's snow.

From the present may be said to commence the regular work of the Expedition. A course was now to be held right across the Atlantic from Teneriffe to Sombrero, one of the Virgin Islands, a distance of about 2,700 miles; and along this line over twenty

stations were fixed on at which it was decided to make careful observations as to depth, temperature, and nature of the bottom. These stoppages were about 100 miles apart, and each day, when the weather permitted, soundings and dredgings took place. On the 26th February, being about 1,600 miles from Sombrero Island, we sounded in 3,150 fathoms. This was the greatest depth



VIEW FROM LIGHTHOUSE, BERMUDA.

as yet met with, the material obtained from the bottom being quite new to science. For several days after, the dredge continued to bring up a dark chocolate or red clay, scarcely containing a trace of organic matter, and entirely devoid of animal life. The analysis of this red deposit proved it to be almost a pure clay. Although it has been proved that animal life is possible at all depths, it has been found, after reaching, say, 1,000 fathoms, that its abundance greatly diminishes.

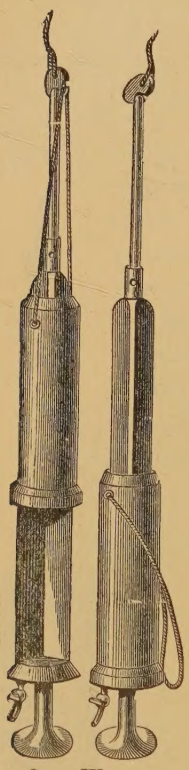
At first the etiquette and usages of naval every-day life seemed particularly vexatious and annoying; but after a while, when fine weather again set in, and the sea-sickness had been got over, one and all perceived, to a certain extent, the necessity of order. Scrubbing, washing, and holystoning of the decks, cleaning brass and wood-work, mustering at quarters and divisions, are all measures which tend to enforce the discipline so essential to good government. From the hour of four o'clock in the morning, the bustle and activity begin, lasting throughout the day. Pumps are manned, and water is splashed over decks in all directions. By six o'clock the washing is nearly finished, when all hammocks are piped up and stowed; it is now time for breakfast, consisting of cocoa and biscuit. The hands dress in the rig of the day, and all preparations are made for sounding and dredging. Sails are furled, and steam is ready, for it is essential to keep the vessel's head on to the sea during these operations.

Sounding Apparatus.

It has been found that in all deep soundings it is absolutely necessary to use steam power. No trustworthy results can be obtained from a ship under sail, as even in the calmest weather the heave of the sea, or the surface current, is sufficient to drift the ship in a very short time a considerable distance from the place where the lead was originally let go. It is thus impossible to obtain a perpendicular sounding.

The first thing, therefore, to be done is to shorten and furl all sails, and bring the ship's head to wind, regulating the speed in such a manner as to avoid forcing her through the water. The sounding apparatus is then got ready. A block is placed on the main-yard and a rope rove through it to trice up the accumulator. These accumulators are indiarubber bands, $\frac{3}{4}$ inch in diameter and 3 feet in length. They are capable of stretching 17 feet, when they each exert a pressure of 70 lbs. Twenty pairs of these accumulators have been found sufficient for most of the soundings obtained, as they are strong enough to withstand the strain of the weights on the lead line without being too strong to give readily with the motion of the ship; their greatest use being to keep the sudden jerks of the ship's motion from bringing too great a strain on the lead line. The end of the line is secured

to the sounding-rod to which is attached the number of iron weights required to sink it rapidly.



SLIP WATER-BOTTLES.

The sinkers are of cast iron, and average one hundredweight each. They are cylindrical in form, having a hole through the centre; through this hole the rod is placed, and as many weights are put on as are deemed necessary (generally speaking, one for every thousand fathoms). At the bottom of the last weight a small iron ring is rove on the rod, to which is attached a piece of iron wire about 12 feet in length. The bight of the wire is passed over the projection, and the rod being lifted, the weights rest on the ring, which is supported by the wire sling. As long as the pressure of the weights continues on the ring at the bottom, the wire remains in its place. When the weight of the sinkers is relaxed, by their reaching and resting on the bottom, a spring pushes the wire off, and the rod, being hauled up by the line, leaves the weights at the bottom. (See previous page.)

The line used for sounding is one inch in circumference, and is specially prepared for this service (having a breaking strain of 14 cwt.) Coloured worsted, red, white and blue, is used to mark the line.

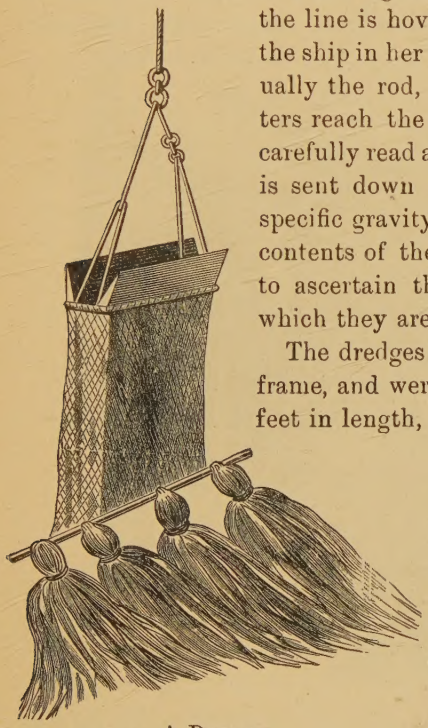
The slip water-bottle consists of a brass rod with three radiating ribs to strengthen it, and to act as a guide for a brass cylinder which incloses the water. Directly the strain is released on the sounding line above, through the bottle reaching the bottom, the tumbler falls over, and thus effectually inclosing a specimen of the bottom water.

THERMOMETER.

The thermometers used to ascertain the temperature at the bottom or at any intermediate depth are self-adjusting maximum and minimum instruments, and are so constructed as to resist the pressure of the water at very considerable depths. They consist of a curved tube with a bulb at each end, one of which is filled with creosote, the expansion and contraction of which

gives the temperature. The creosote acts on a small quantity of mercury in the tube, which rises or falls as the creosote expands or contracts. In each of the tubes above the mercury is a small metallic index, having a hair attached to it, which, pressing against the glass tube, acts as a spring, and keeps the index in its place, so as to be read off and recorded. These thermometers are tested by hydraulic pressure, from two to three tons on the square inch, and are considered trustworthy up to 3,000 fathoms.

The weights having reached the bottom, the line is hove in, care being taken to keep the ship in her position over the line. Eventually the rod, water-bottle, and thermometers reach the surface, the thermometer is carefully read and registered, the water-bottle is sent down to the laboratory, where the specific gravity of the water is taken, and the contents of the sounding-rod are examined to ascertain the nature of the bottom, after which they are dried and bottled.

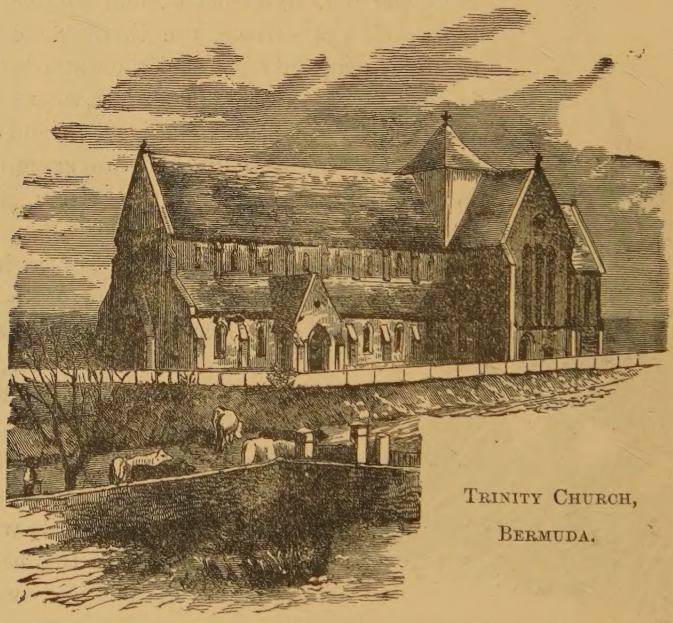


A Dredge.

The dredges supplied consisted of an iron frame, and were of three sizes, 5, 4, and 3 feet in length, and from 15 to 9 inches in width. The iron frame, to which was secured the bag, is intended to skim the surface of the bottom, and the net to catch and retain all that might come in its way; at the bottom of this bag a number of hempen swabs were generally secured so as to sweep along and bring up small animal life, coral, sponges, etc. From 2½ to 3 hours are usually required to sink the dredge when the depth is about 2,500 fathoms. When it is once down, which is easily found by experience, the vessel is allowed to drift, or steams slowly on for some hours. When the dredge has been on the bottom a sufficient time, the rope is brought to the deck-engine and the dredge hove up. When it appears above the surface, there is usually great excitement amongst the "Philos,"

who are ever on the alert with forceps, bottles, and jars, to secure the unwary creatures who may by chance have found their way into the net. Such a sight when it is really inboard! here we have no lack of wonderful things, strange-looking fish, delicate zoophytes, sea-urchins, star-fish, besides shells, mud, etc.

At noon, dinner is piped, and although consisting, as it usually does, of either salt junk and duff, or fat, greasy salt pork and pea soup, there are few men healthier than the sailor. Duty is resumed again at 1.30, and various drills occupy the afternoon until 4.30, when all hands assemble at their station, with rifle, cutlass, and pistol for inspection by their divisional officer.



TRINITY CHURCH, BERMUDA.

The inspection over (we will presume the dredge to be up, and the excitement of the haul subsided), "Hands! make sail," is the pipe. Steam is dispensed with, in a short time the sail is all spread, and with a favouring breeze we are running on our course at an eight-knot speed. Supper is now prepared, consisting of tea and biscuit, after which, until nine, smoking is permitted, hammocks having been piped down at 7.30.

At 6 P.M. the officers usually dine together, when the incidents of the day, the results of the dredging, the prospects of the morrow, and other affairs which are sure to turn up, form a lively conversational hour.

Sunday alone seems to break the monotony and routine of every-day life at sea, when, after divisions and prayers, the remainder of the day is usually spent in reading or sleeping.

In this manner, and notwithstanding the continued sameness, days and months slip by, until we reach port and again anchor; and only when we look back over the work accomplished can we realize the length of time passed at sea.

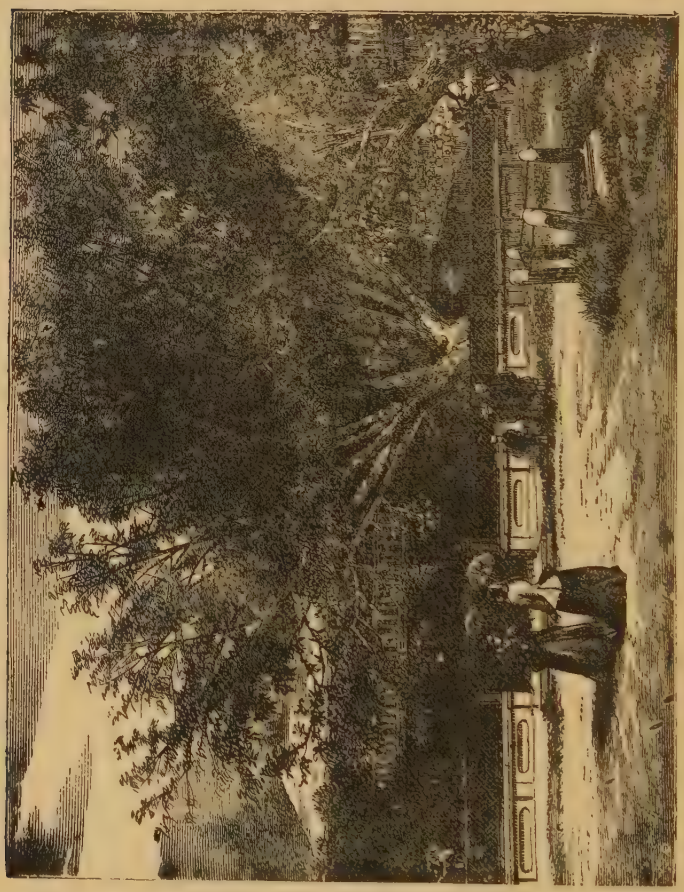
Moore's Calabash Tree, Bermuda.*

On the 14th March, just a month after leaving Teneriffe, we reached the island of Sombrero. On the morning of the 16th the island of St. Thomas (one of the West Indies) was in sight; and later in the day we anchored in the outer harbour.

Naturally enough, after being a month at sea, most were anxious for a run on shore. We found the country and scenery pretty; the lofty hills were varied in colour, and appeared to be thickly wooded with a variety of trees, all green and tempting, as far as the eye could reach.

* This was a favourite resort of the poet during his stay in Bermuda, and here he often sat and wrote.

The town has no pretensions to size or elegance. It is, however, most picturesquely situated along the northern shore of the island, backed up by high hills, terminating in two peaks, some 1,525 feet in height. At the present time it is one of the most important ports of call in the West Indies, particularly for the mail service, some ten or twelve different lines reaching here monthly. (See frontispiece.)



INDIARUBBER TREE, BERMUDA.

On the morning of March 24th, we left the anchorage under sail. While dredging a fatal accident occurred, by the parting of a rope, which in its flight across the deck struck a seaman so severely on the head as to produce concussion of the brain, from which he died in a few hours. After evening quarters, the bell

tolled, and all the ship's company assembled to pay their last tribute to their late shipmate. The captain read the beautiful and appropriate service for a burial at sea, and on reaching that portion, "We commit his body to the deep," it was slid out of the port, wrapped in a hammock weighted with shot, into the bright blue tide, to be seen no more until that day when the sea shall give up its dead.

On the 3rd April land was in sight; and as we approached the Bermudas, which are mere specks on the chart of the wide Atlantic, the land nowhere rising to a greater height than 260 feet (where the lighthouse is situated), by far the greater part not being more than from 25 to 50 feet above the sea-level, we hove-to for the night, and for a portion of the next day were engaged sounding and dredging round the reefs in a depth of 400 fathoms on a coral clay bottom.

As we stopped off St. George's for the pilot to navigate the vessel through the intricate and dangerous narrows between the reefs, it was indeed a pretty sight. Seemingly nothing could have been more romantic than the little harbour stretched out before us: the variety and beauty of the islets scattered about; the clearness of the water; the number of boats and small vessels cruising between the islands, sailing from one cedar-grove to another, made up as charming a picture as could well be imagined.

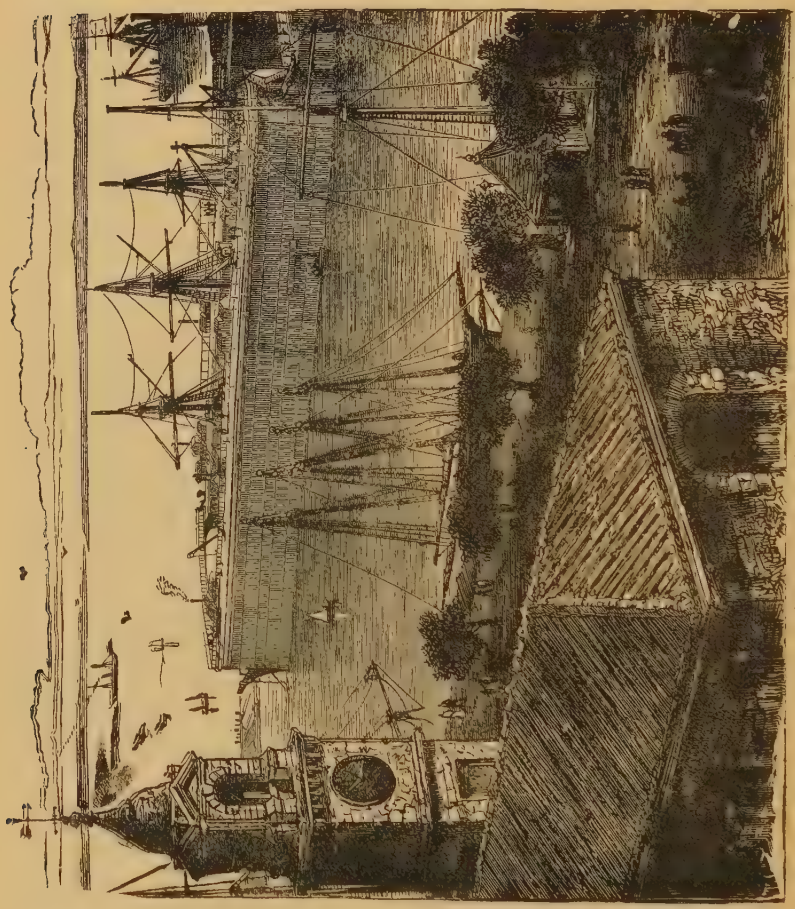
Proceeding on, as we near the shore, the white houses of Hamilton are seen peeping out from amongst the dark-green foliage; then Clarence Hill, the official residence of the naval Commander-in-Chief, is in sight, overlooking a pretty little bay and landing-place, with the dark cedars and other trees coming close down to the water's edge. Nature is looking beautiful, and the temperature is genial and pleasant.

From the anchorage the view in either direction was very beautiful. The land broken up into little knolls, and the sparkling sea running here and there into creeks, bays, and inlets, together with the ever-green foliage of the cedar and oleander, made up a very attractive landscape. Directly in front of us is the Naval Yard, with its jetties and cambers. Close at hand is the great iron floating dock; and stretching away in either direction are extensive stores, factories, and the residences of the officials connected with the establishment.

These islands are said to have been visited nearly 400 years ago

by a Spaniard named Juan Bermudez, and on their discovery being reported to Spain, they were described as the most remote of all the islands yet found in the world.

In 1612, a chartered company was formed, colonization commenced, and soon after the first party of settlers arrived, Ber-



THE FLOATING DOCK, BERMUDA.

muda became a British colony. As time passed on, its importance as a naval and military station became apparent, and large sums of money were expended on fortifications and improvements. At the present time the imports and exports are but small; and although possessing such a fine climate, its agricultural produce is limited; arrowroot and early crops of vegetables are produced for the American markets.

Here a fortnight was spent in scientific pursuits. The dredging around the reefs and the several deep-sea soundings taken in their neighbourhood prove Bermuda to be a solitary peak, rising abruptly from a base of only 120 miles in diameter. The botanists paid a good deal of attention to the flora of the island, for the charming walks through the avenues and forests were additional inducements to persevere in this study.

The most remarkable object of interest is undoubtedly the floating dock, one of the largest structures of its kind in the world, which was built in England, and was towed across the Atlantic, to its present position by five ships. Its length is three hundred and eighty-one feet, and its breadth one hundred and twenty-four feet. The largest and heaviest man-of-war can be docked. It is divided into forty-eight water-tight compartments, which are fitted with valves worked from the upper deck. By placing some four thousand tons of water in the upper chambers its keel can be brought five feet out of water and cleaned—a process which it has once undergone. You ascend a ladder or steps on the outside, and get a fine view.

We left Bermuda on the 21st April and shaped a north-westerly course so as to carry a line of soundings to Sandy Hook. The soundings taken in crossing and near the Gulf Stream were of very great interest. On each side the depths were found to be respectively 2,400 and 1,700 fathoms, grey ooze bottom; while in the Stream itself the line ran out over 2,600 fathoms without reaching the bottom. This sounding, however, was considered doubtful, there being a strong wind and current at the time dragging the line out of the perpendicular. The Stream was found to be about 60 miles broad, which was easily detected by the 8° difference of temperature on entering and leaving.

This influential current takes its rise in the Gulf of Mexico, though it might be regarded as a continuation of the equatorial current which flows from the western coast of Africa across the Atlantic, absorbing the sun's rays as it advances, and storing away the warmth for future use. It then passes into the Mexican Gulf, where its waters are raised to the high temperature of 86°, and sweeps through the pass of Florida, skirting the shores of North America, until it takes the remarkable curve off Nova Scotia and Newfoundland which throws its waters across the Atlantic, towards the coast of Europe. One branch curves downward, and flits past the Azores, the other

glides northward in the direction of the British Isles and the Polar Sea. Its length, if reckoned from its Mexican head to the Azores, is upwards of 3,000 miles, and its average velocity is about 40 miles a day. The great function of this Stream is that of a bearer of heat, setting out at a temperature of 86°, losing

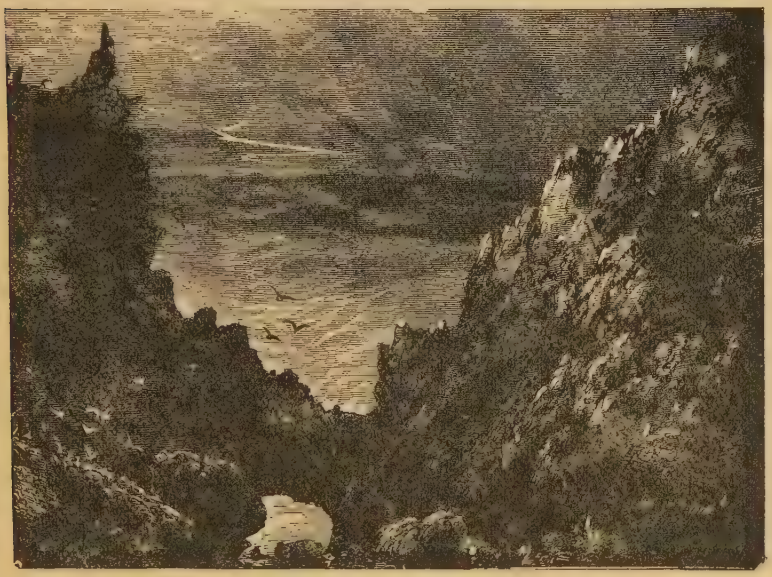
CAVES ON THE COAST, BERMUDA.

not more than 10° to 15° in its progress. It thus reaches the English coast and ameliorates the climate, for in point of latitude England corresponds with Labrador.

We were within 100 miles of Long Island, when our course was shaped for Halifax. On the morning of the 9th of May, the outline of the coast of Nova Scotia was before us, and later in the day we entered between the headlands of the magnificent

harbour of Halifax, which is so well sheltered by McNab's Island, lying at its mouth, that it affords security and safe anchorage to vessels of any magnitude. This island is covered with extensive foliage and vegetation, all bright and green, and, with the pretty white lighthouse at its western extremity, can scarcely be surpassed for pictorial effect. Steaming on, we next pass St. George's Island, which lies in the very heart of the harbour, and is strongly fortified.

The city, with its suburbs, extends, for over two miles in length, along the slope of a hill on the western side of a very



Ravine on South Shore, Bermuda.

fine harbour. To the tourist it presents varied and numerous attractions. Its charming situation, its safe harbour and splendid scenery, are not to be surpassed on this side of the Atlantic. The sea runs up into various little bays and coves indenting the land in many directions, giving a variety of charming aspects to the entire scene, and finally ending in Bedford Basin, a broad sheet of water covering an area of nine square miles, its banks rich in all sorts of charming foliage, where cluster numerous pretty villa residences of the wealthy families.

In the city there are good broad streets, with shops and stores of large dimensions, where all the luxuries and requirements of

life are to be obtained. There are over 30 churches and chapels, some of them very handsome structures, and for charitable institutions, Halifax is said to outnumber any other city of its size in the Provinces. The Naval Yard, which covers an area of fourteen acres, is principally used as a depôt for stores; its value as a naval station is fully known. It is the rendezvous of our West India squadron.

The famous Citadel, situated on the crest of the hill overlooking the town, is said to be, after Quebec, the strongest in the Dominion. From here we have a fine panoramic stretch of scenery; the picturesque abounds everywhere, and from every point there is some glimpse of nature to charm, whether it be mountain, valley, island, or lake. From this standpoint we can obtain a peep of the north-west "Arm," with the number of pretty little islands scattered over its length and breadth.

Halifax is the port of call of nine lines of steamers. We would fain have made a longer stay amongst such kind friends, of whom it is a pleasure to speak. There was a goodness and cordiality with their hospitality and warm-heartedness that can never be forgotten by those who know them.

On the 19th May, we steamed out of the harbour, and before nightfall the coast was out of sight. On clearing the land a section was commenced in almost a straight line to Bermuda. Here we remained for ten days refitting and completing stores, and during this interval many scientific excursions were made about the islands. In some places where great heaps of sand had accumulated and hardened by the action of rain and other processes (by which this coral sand is converted into limestone), were to be seen rocks of the most irregular and fantastic shape, forming many of those remarkable caves which are, in most cases, covered with luxuriant vegetation, and add so much to the interest of these islands.

I hate the crowded town!
I cannot breathe shut up within its gates!
Air,—I want air, and sunshine, and blue sky,
The feeling of the breeze upon my face,
The feeling of the turf beneath my feet,
And no walls but the far-off mountain-tops.

—*Longfellow.*

THE DAY OF THE LORD.

Oh, The Lord will come! Let His saints rejoice,
For He cometh to take them home!
As they sleep in the dust they shall hear His voice,
When the promised hour has come.
They shall rise from the dead, with a noiseless tread,
As its accents reach their ear;
But the world around shall hear no sound,
And see no cause of fear.
Oh! to the soul that trusts His word,
A glorious hope is The Coming Lord!

The Lord will come, as a thief in the night;
And His work shall be going on,
And by those alone that watch for the light
Shall His working thus be known.
From the worldling's side shall the Christian bride
Be noiselessly taken away;
And two at the mill, shall be grinding still,
And but one shall see the day;
As Enoch was sought for, but was not found,
So shall the righteous be:
For them, on the earth or under the ground,
No more shall the worldling see.
From their place of rest, on the mountain's crest,
Or scattered like dust on the sod;
With the living saints there, caught up in the air,
To meet with their Saviour and God,
Coming to fulfil His word;
Oh! a glorious hope is The Coming Lord.

The Lord will come! And there by His side,
Shall His waiting people stand;
Sharing His state, as His chosen Bride,
A bright and a happy band.
He comes, with the angel's terrible voice,
With a shout, and the trump of God;
And the heavens are bent, in His swift descent,
To the earth which His feet had trod.
Oh! woe to His foes, on that day of His wrath,
And woe to the Man of Sin!
For judgment shall swiftly, sweep down on His path,
And The Day of The Lord begin!
And through the long sweep of its thousand years,
Shall His glorious reign extend;
And His Kingdom of Peace shall go on to increase,
Till it's lost in the Age without End.
Oh! to the Soul that scorns His word,
A fearful thought is The Coming Lord!

THE ALPS AND THEIR AVALANCHES.

BY C. E. ANDREWS.

A Swiss Mountaineer.

The Alps, so named from the fact that their tops are covered with eternal snows—the word "alp" meaning white—comprise various clusters, or knots, of mountains from which diverge numerous mountain-ranges running many miles east or west, north or south, from the central knots.

Each of these long ranges has its special name; as the Bernese Alps, the Pennine Alps, the Maritime Alps, the Carnic Alps. Each of the principal peaks is likewise distinguished by a name; among the famous ones are Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, and Mont Cervin; these are the three highest peaks in Europe, Mont Blanc, the loftiest of all, being more than fifteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. Rising from an immense lake of ice, are the no less celebrated Jungfrau, Schreckhorn, and Wetterhorn. There are beside a host of other pecks well known to both student and tourist.

An Alpine mountain has four natural divisions: the lower region, the wooded region, the alp, or pasture region, and the rocky region. Let us climb one.

We leave the valley, and by a steep, bushy ascent soon reach the *lower region.* Here, we do not see many trees; but beautiful vineyards and quaint little cottages, called by the Swiss *châlets,* are scattered along the gently-undulating declivity which, in some places, is crossed by roads connecting two valleys.

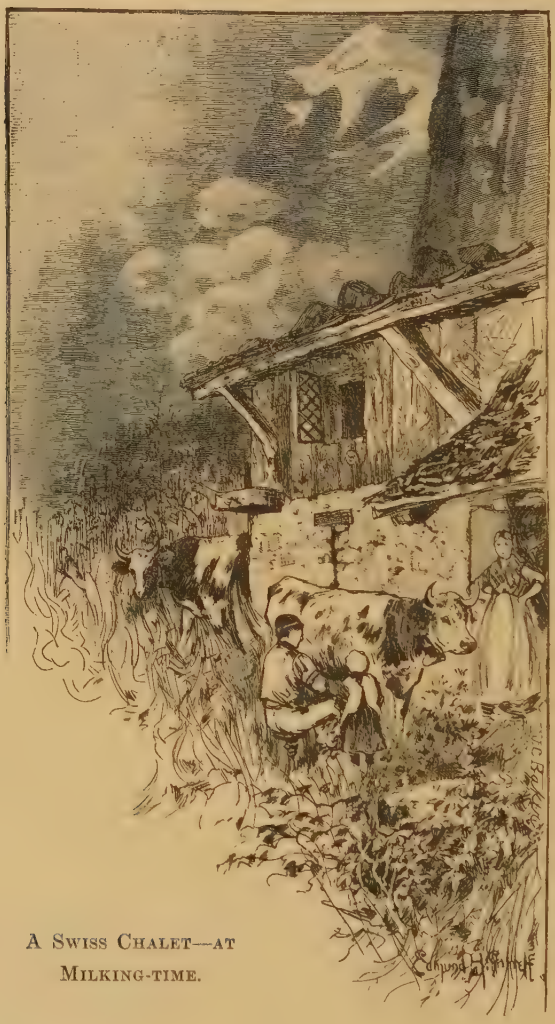
Trudging up, up, up, we find the slope begins to grow steep, and that we are not very directly approaching the *wooded region,* for these extensive Alpine forests do not wholly engirdle a mountain. So we must make a *detour* which will lead us to the back of the mountain, where we shall enter a big forest which climbs half way up the slope. Traversing the length of the wooded region, which is about one-third of the width of the mountain, we emerge into the open air, where a magnificent prospect awaits us. We are now pretty far up, and we can see somewhat of the beauty and grandeur of the Alps. We look upon huge towering rocks half-covered with lichens and mosses; we see vast torrents pouring with great noise down the glaciers; here are lovely cascades and waterfalls; there are frightful ravines, strewn with the fragments of fallen rocks; and everywhere and all around is an upheaving sea of giant mountains, whose dazzling crests glitter with a strange brightness in the sunshine. At the same time, looking down into the valleys, we behold rich vineyards, green fields, apple orchards gay with pink-white blossoms, cosey villages with gardens, and picturesque *châlets.*

Now we are in the *pasture region.* This is the "garden spot" of an Alpine mountain. Upon these fine pastures browse flocks and herds of sheep, cattle, and goats; and if we hunt for them, we shall find no end of beautiful flowers. Lovely rhododendrons, or Alpine roses, grow in profusion; saxifrages, purple and white, spring from the clefts of the rocks; gay euphrasias and rich blue gentians peep out at us from the vivid green.

As we turn a sudden angle in the path, we come upon a homely hut, before which is clustered a group of bareheaded and barefooted children. Many a herdsman, with his family, resides in the pasture region during the summer months, in order that his sheep or goats, pigs or cows, may have the grand chance to grow fat upon the mountain grass, which is very nourishing, and although it is quite short, is most deliciously sweet. These mountain herdsmen are rather given to perching their huts on the edge of a precipice, and seem to choose, when they can, a rocky

ledge overhanging a lake! They have been well called the "children of the air."

Above the *pasture region* rises the *rocky region;* and this goes up to the crest of the mountain which, on the higher peaks, is



A Swiss Chalet—at Milking-time.

covered all the year round with masses of mingled snow and ice, called glaciers. These glaciers are perhaps the most remarkable feature of the Alps, some of them being of such vast extent as to invade the largest valleys for a long distance. These great

fields of ice are the source of many of the larger rivers that water Europe.

Another mighty feature of this wonderful mountain region is its avalanches, which occur very frequently, their roar at the base of the Jungfrau being almost incessant. There are at least four kinds of avalanches known among the Alps: the rolling, the sliding, the drift, and the glacier avalanches. The glacier

Up from the Vale of Chamouni.

avalanche is only a piece of loosened ice which comes rushing down the declivity, with a noise like thunder, to be sure, but is comparatively harmless, as it is generally broken in small pieces by the rocks it meets in its descent to the valleys. The most fearful of the slides is the rolling avalanche. Sometimes, in the spring, in the soft thawy weather, the damp grains of snow cling firmly together and form into hard balls. Whenever one of these balls becomes heavy enough, it begins to move slowly

down the declivity. On it goes, always increasing in speed, over a field of snow, getting, of course, bigger and bigger at every turn, for being very damp and clammy, it collects to itself the snow over which it passes, and before it reaches the valley becomes a mighty and immense mass, large enough, indeed, to bury up a whole village. Sometimes such a terrible calamity happens; in the year 1749, when one of these dangerous and dreaded rolling avalanches descended upon a village in the valley of Tawich, it covered it completely. You will think it must have caused general ruin and death. But no; it was in the night, and

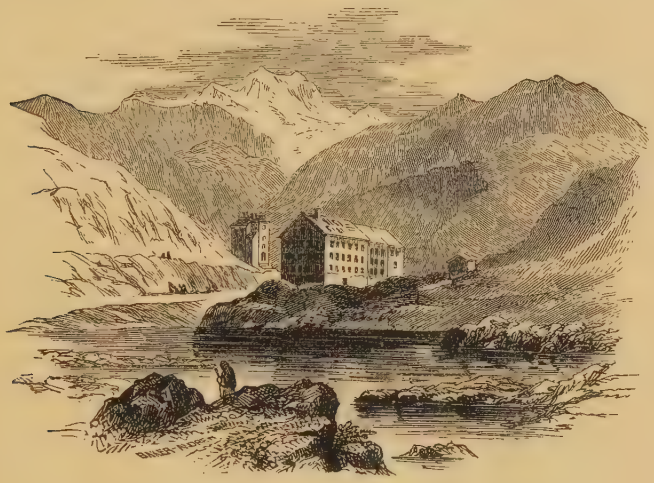
The Ascent of Mont Blanc.

it was done so quietly that the villagers knew nothing of their misfortune till morning came, when they began to wonder why it did not grow light! They were dug out, nearly all of them alive.

A drift avalanche, or, as the Swiss call it, *staublauinen*, most generally happens just after a heavy snow-storm, when the wind drives the loose snow from peak to peak, and whirls it down in vast quantities into the valleys.

A sliding avalanche—*rutsch-lauinen*—takes place in early spring, when the snow at the summit of the peak melts, and a great patch of it rushes down the mountain slope, sweeping away everything in its path.

Roads, called Passes, have been constructed over all the principal mountain-chains, connecting the valleys and, in some instances, countries. Some of these roads are of great antiquity and date back as far as the Romans, and many suppose that the Carthagenian general, Hannibal, crossed the Pass of the Little St. Bernard on his march to invade Italy. Some of the Passes are only mule paths; but the great Napoleon converted many of these roads into magnificent carriage routes. The Pass of the Great St. Bernard is well known from the Hospice at its summit, where live the benevolent family of monks who devote their lives to the care of travellers. It is also from this Hospice that the sagacious dogs of St. Bernard are sent out to search for and



HOSPICE OF ST. BERNARD.

rescue travellers who may have been overtaken in one of the terrible snow-storms common to the region. The Pass over Mont Cenis, being frequently buried up by avalances, was at length found to be very unreliable as a road for travel, and it was concluded necessary to tunnel the Alps. The great work was begun in 1857 and ended in 1870, employing thousands of men day and night. It is 39,750 feet long.

The still longer tunnel, that of Mont St. Gothard, is ten miles long. Think of a ride of ten miles in darkness and smoke! The Passes of the Alps are generally built over the lowest traversable part of a mountain, but some of them attain a great elevation.

The Cervin, the highest in Europe, at one point is more than eleven thousand feet above the level of the sea—a dizzy height.*

The Swiss peasant is fondly attached to the giant mountains of his native country. He delights in rambling through their wild solitudes, and his sturdy heart swells with patriotic pride when he rests his alpenstock on the summit of one of their mighty glaciers.

Oliver Goldsmith, the poet, sings of him:

Cheerful, at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes,
* * * * *
At night, returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down, the monarch of a shed.
* * * * *
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill that lifts him to the storm,
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to its mother's breast,
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar
But bind him to his native mountains more.

COMFORT.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

SPEAK low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet
From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,
Lest I should fear and fall, and miss Thee so
Who art not missed by any that entreat.
Speak to me as to Mary at Thy feet—
And if no precious gums my hands bestow,
Let my tears drop like amber, while I go
In reach of Thy divinest voice complete
In humanest affection—thus, in sooth,
To lose the sense of losing! As a child
Whose song-bird seeks the woods for evermore,
Is sung to instead by mother's mouth;
Till sinking on her breast, love-reconciled,
He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

* The first three engravings of this article are taken from that prince of young people's Magazines *Wide Awake*, whose announcement is made in our advertising pages.

CANADIANS ON THE NILE.

THE Nile has, from the very dawn of history, been an object of interest to the most enlightened part of mankind. Allusions to it are found in the writings of the most ancient authors of which we have any knowledge. Of it Herodotus wrote and Homer sung. It could have scarcely been otherwise, on account of the important part which was played in human history by the people to whom it gave life. Ancient Egypt, which could not have existed without the Nile, was at one time the centre of civilization, and the university of the world. It was the birth-place and nursery of science, and that, too, long before Romulus and Remus were born, or Greece, afterwards the nursery of art, had begun to perform any conspicuous or important part in the history of the world.

This interest was intensified, too, no doubt, by the mystery in which the source of the Nile was involved for so many ages. The geographers of ancient Greece and Rome, baffled in their oft-repeated attempts to find it, gave it up in despair, safely concluding that it was the will of the gods that it should be hidden from all generations. Homer, in acknowledgment of his ignorance, described it as a stream descending from heaven. Herodotus tried to explore the mystery of its source, but he failed. He soon found that the solution of the problem was beyond his power. Alexander the Great and Ptolemy Philadelphus engaged in the same undertaking with similar results. They selected men supposed to be eminently fitted, by reason of their knowledge and experience, for the accomplishment of the arduous undertaking; but they, in their turn, found the difficulties in the way too great, and returned with their mission unfulfilled. And for a long time modern explorers met with no better success.

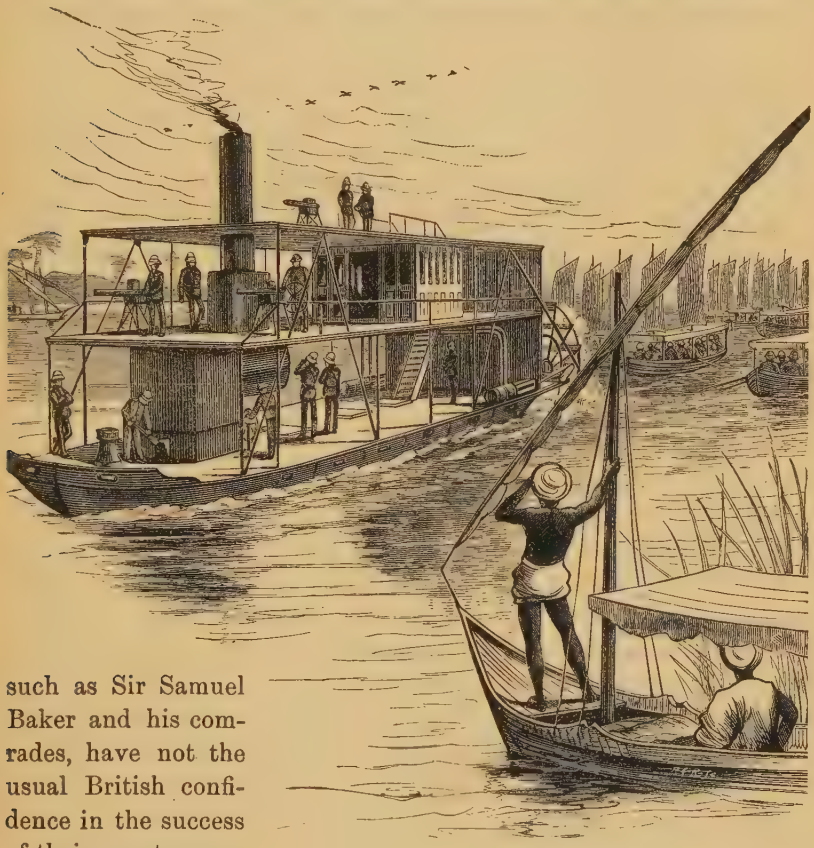
This sort of romantic interest in the Nile, however, no longer exists. Thanks to the pluck and perseverance of the intrepid British explorer, the mystery has been dispelled. As the result of the successful explorations of Speke and Baker, and Livingstone and Stanley, the secret of equatorial Africa has been laid bare. The source of the Nile is, at length, as well known as that of the Mississippi or the St. Lawrence. Perhaps it would be too

much to say that the system of lakes in the centre of the Dark Continent is as well known as the magnificent lacustrine chain which forms such an important feature in the physical geography of our own country; but the time is not far distant when even that will be true.

These explorations, however, which have stripped the Nile of the mystery with which it had been invested during the course of the ages, have invested it with a new and far deeper interest. They have opened up another great field in which the problem of civilization is to be wrought out. It is the perception of this fact which causes philanthropic men everywhere to watch with so much solicitude the fate of Gordon, and the success of the Expedition, under the command of the gallant Wolseley, in which so many of our own countrymen are bearing a part. They see in it more than the rescue of one brave man, or of ten thousand men; they discern in it the laying of the foundation for a new and better order of things. The slave trade, with all its attendant horrors and abominations, is to be cut up by the roots. The inalienable rights of men—life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—are to be asserted and vindicated; and this is to be done for the subject as well as for the ruling races.

The Church sees, or ought to see, even more than this in the drama which is being played in the valley of the Nile; it discerns, or ought to discern in it, the opening of another great field for missionary enterprise; another call to heroic and self-sacrificing effort for the subjection of the world to the dominion of Christ. It was the conviction that he was preparing the way for the spread of the Gospel that sustained Livingstone in his labours and sufferings during his protracted and heroic efforts to lay bare the heart of Africa. There is good reason to believe that Gordon has been supported by a similar conviction, during all the dreary months that he has been shut up in Khartoum. It has been the settled belief that he is a factor in the accomplishment of the Divine purpose in respect to this vast equatorial region and the millions of its inhabitants. It is the conviction, too, that gives special interest, in our mind, to the fact that some of our own countrymen have the honour of taking part in the Expedition ostensibly for the relief of Gordon and the garrison at Khartoum, but having for its ulterior object, as we believe—whether so intended by its projectors or not—the accomplishment of a far more important purpose.

The fact that General Lord Wolseley is leading an English army of some thousands of men from Cairo to Khartoum, a distance, following the course of the Nile, of nearly nineteen hundred miles into the fiery heart of Africa, or about twelve hundred miles in a straight line from the Mediterranean Sea, is in itself full of interest. The enterprize is so full of difficulty and danger that some of the most experienced African travellers, such as Sir Samuel Baker and his comrades, have not the usual British confidence in the success of their countrymen. It was the extreme difficulty of the navigation of the Nile, especially of ascending its cataracts and rapids, which suggested to Lord Wolseley the idea of enlisting in the arduous enterprize a corps of *voyageurs*. His knowledge of the dexterity and bravery of these men, gained in the Red River Expedition, made him feel that he would be safe even in ascending the Nile if he had but a sufficient number of them in his service.



CANADIANS ON THE NILE.

It is perhaps too soon to speak with confidence of the part which these men have performed on the Nile. Our information is necessarily too scant to enable us to go into particulars. Enough, however, has transpired to justify the belief that Lord Wolseley has not been disappointed in them. Our picture represents them before they had reached the scene of their labours. So long as the Nile was navigable by steamers of this description there was no need of the dexterity and skill of the *voyageurs.* It was when they had passed that part of the river in which there was fair sailing and entered the rapids, that their value to the Expedition became apparent to such as had possessed no previous knowledge of their skill. They were not long in demonstrating their immeasurable superiority to the native pilots—and though the difficulties which confronted them were unquestionably very great, their first experience in the navigation of Nile rapids furnished good ground for hope that they would prove equal to the occasion.

The following extract from the correspondence of the London *Standard,* containing the description of the passage of the first rapid near Wady Halfa will no doubt be interesting to our readers : Although deeply laden, and carrying nearly two tons of stores, besides twelve men each, they seemed to have sufficient freeboard, and appeared under perfect control. The leading boat, I could see with my glasses, carried the native reis, told off to act as guide. He stood in the bows beside the Canadian, endeavouring to direct the soldier who steered, but for a long time they remained motionless under the current and made little or no headway. At several points they essayed to ascend, but always, apparently, found the current too strong, and drifted back again to their former position. All the time the *voyageur,* seated in the bows filling his pipe, evidently abstained from interfering with the reis. There cannot be two captains to a boat any more than to a ship. But boat No. 2 was all the time rapidly approaching. Her *voyageur* I could see go aft and take the tiller himself. Coming close in shore he made for a rock, behind which a long eddy tailed for a hundred yards. Up this he sailed with great velocity, and just as, apparently, he was about to collide with the rock he sheared out into the stream, steadied and paused for a moment as his boat met the rush of water—her timbers, as one of the men told me afterwards, quivering with the shock—

and slowly but perceptibly, with the aid of a friendly puff, passed over the critical point. Making for the shore again near the opposite bank he entered slack water, and tore on after the dahabieh. Still the boat under native command fails to ascend, and the other three also lie huddled together in mid-stream, their sails flapping between the gusts against the masts. But all, apparently, are put on their mettle by the success of the boat that has gone before them. The men put out their oars. The *voyageur* who has a native reis to assist him has lit his pipe, and tells, I suppose, that reis to hold his tongue, for the latter sits down quiescent on athwart, and interferes no more. And then they breast the stream with sails and oars together, taking advantage, as did the first boat, of all the eddies, as far as possible, before attempting to enter the main current. In twenty minutes after the leading boat, the other four had passed; and the first obstacle on the voyage to Dal was overcome.

Khartoum, which is the objective point of the Expedition, is at the junction of two rivers, which used to be called the White Nile and the Blue Nile, from the colour of their waters. We now know that the White Nile is *the* Nile, the wondrous stream that rises in the great lakes of Central Africa, flows northward three thousand three hundred and seventy miles, and empties into the Mediterranean Sea; while the Blue Nile is but a tributary, which rises in Abyssinia, flows nine hundred and sixty miles, and pours into the Nile at Khartoum.

Khartoum is the terminus of one great region and the beginning of a greater. It is the depôt of what civilization produces, and the starting-place of the caravans which convey its products to the negro tribes that can give ivory, gold, oil and cotton in exchange for them. Above all, it is the centre, the stronghold and the chief mart, of the slave trade, which, profitable as it is, is death to all other trade, and is opposed both to the interests and to the feelings of the English people.

With an English garrison and an English governor at Khartoum, the slave-trade in Africa ceases, and the Dark Continent is practically added to the domain of civilization. If the reader will study a recent map of Africa in the light of the explorations of Baker, Speke, Stanley and others, he will perceive that nature has done her part towards the creation of populous and wealthy States in the interior of that great Continent. It looks now as though man were about to do the rest.

Khartoum in 1819 was a mere military post, established by the forethought of Mehemet Ali. It became speedily the centre of the trade in gum-arabic, ivory and palm oil, and its population increased. The wild African is a man of business in a rude way; he knows how to sell at a profit, and has some perseverance in gathering the productions of his fertile land. He has heads of cattle also. A traveller in Africa needs money or its equivalent just as much as he does in France or New York.

For many years Khartoum was one of the most doleful and deadly places on earth. When Sir Samuel and Lady Baker first saw it, in June, 1862, they found it filthy, unhealthy, and utterly repulsive to every human sense. A swarm of thirty thousand half-naked and dirty people were huddled together in the town.

The business of the town was conducted by about thirty Europeans, most of whom were Germans, French, or Italians. The rest of the population was composed of Syrians, Egyptians, Turks, Copts and Arabs. The European traders inhabited respectable houses, and there was a mansion of some pretensions for the Governor-General of the Soudan. Ten years later, Mr. Alvah Southworth, correspondent of the New York *Herald*, hove in sight of Khartoum. What a Chicago-like transformation! His vessel was boarded early in the morning by a messenger of the Governor-General bringing telegraphic despatches from Cairo! A consular-agent of the United States came on board. The aspect of the town as he approached it, he describes as "most charming," and he mentions several particulars of the scene, such as the "tropical foliage, the broad palms and weeping domes, the thousands upon thousands of natives who had gathered to witness our arrival, all garbed in the light costumes of the Soudan, the boats hauled up on the beach for repairs, the miniature blockade-runner steamers which had been brought from Lower Egypt over twelve rocky cataracts, the bales of cotton heaped up on the banks, the sacks of gum, the tusks of ivory, and the stevedore population, who brave crocodiles to earn their paltry paras."

He dropped anchor opposite the palace of the Governor-General, and received a salute of twenty-one guns, and two military bands struck up lively airs. A parade of fifteen hundred black soldiers organized itself forthwith, and escorted him to the palace. More surprising still, an Egyptian telegraph

operator obeyed his summons, and transmitted to the *Herald*, in New York, a telegraphic despatch! In ten years Khartoum had become a city, wherein it was possible for civilization to exist, and a mart so important that nations were contending for its possession.

Mr. Southworth found the slave trade in full activity and carried on without any pretence of concealment. He was himself offered an Abyssinian girl of eighteen for a hundred dollars; and he gave freedom to another girl at an expense of one hundred and fifty-five dollars. She had been cruelly stolen from her parents, and his heart was touched by her artless story.

A railroad of three hundred miles would connect the Red Sea with the Nile below Khartoum. Mr. Southworth bears strong testimony to the capacity of the people, who are going to raise a portion of England's supply of cotton. He says: "I have been amazed at the keen intelligence and native wisdom of all the people along the banks of the Nile as high up as Khartoum. They need only the ordinary agents of civilization to place them among the thrifty peoples of the earth."

All this was known to the rulers of Egypt, particularly the late Khedive, who fully intended to do what the English are about to attempt. He assured the correspondent of the *Herald* that the Soudan could produce in boundless abundance everything that England now gets from India, including cotton and sugar. The Khedive exulted at the prospects of the province.

"The cultivable lands," said he, with enthusiasm, "is millions upon millions of acres! The soil is virgin, and once a railroad passes though it, interior commerce will spring up and a flood of emigration invade the Soudan!"

The Canadians who are at present on the Nile will meet with some strange people, and will witness some strange scenes, probably before their work is completed. The people are a mixture of different races, and their religion a mixture of different faiths, in which, among the ruling races at least, Mohammedanism predominates. And it is probable that the Mohammedanism of the Soudan is of the most fanatical type to be found in any of the lands of the Crescent. The people seem to have thorough confidence in their religion as the only true religion; and, of course, they regard as infidels those who do not entertain the same belief—infidels whom, if they obstinately refuse to accept Ma-

homet as their prophet, it is the mission of the Mussulman to destroy. It is this conviction which makes them such formidable enemies in time of war. This is the secret of the almost superhuman bravery which they displayed at the battle of Timatal. One of the fanatical phases of this strange religion is found in the order of Dervishes, a brief account of which will close this article.

DERVISHES.

Dervishes have been called *Mohammedan monks*, but in just what respect they resemble them I can hardly tell. They are fanatical religionists, and are of many different orders, or sects. Some marry, and many are engaged in business like ordinary mortals. Most of the orders are distinguished by a high conical hat of light felt. They were the full drawers and voluminous girdle of the ancient Oriental costume, and over all a long, loose garment, made of some light material in summer and fur-lined in winter. This is entirely without fastenings, and as they walk is blown back by the wind, revealing the under garments. They

carry a certain number of pebbles in the girdle, which have a symbolical significance, and the girdle is bound more or less tightly, as they desire to do penance in a greater or less degree.

The *Pilgrim Dervishes* roam about the country, begging and chanting doleful songs under the latticed windows of the*h aremlik*—the women's apartments in Turkish houses. They are dressed in a coarse cloth made of camel's hair; the one garment visible covers the head and projects a little over the face, and is bound round the crown with large hair ropes; a loose girdle fastens it at the waist. They are so emaciated as to appear like animated skeletons; the skin drawn over the face and bronzed by constant exposure, the scanty, ragged beard, and the eyes wild with fanaticism, give such a ferocious expression to the countenance, one involuntarily shudders on meeting them. The accompanying picture gives a shadowy impression of their abject appearance.

The two orders most famous abroad are the *Howling* and the *Whirling* Dervishes. The poet Longfellow, comparing Tennyson with a class of sensational poets, says of him, he's

> "Not of the howling dervishes of song,
> That craze the brain with their mad dance."

But the Howling Dervishes do not dance, and the Whirling Dervishes do not howl!

The *Tekay*—place of worship—of the Whirling Dervishes is in Pera; they meet for worship every Tuesday and Thursday, and visitors can usually gain admittance by paying a fee of a *beshlik*—a silver coin worth about a quarter of a dollar. In the middle of one side of the enclosed space is the *mihrab*, or sacred place, where the Sheik places himself upon a rug. The worshippers march in, dressed in white—the skirt very full and nearly touching the floor; a heavy cloak or mantle is thrown over the shoulders. They walk quietly and deliberately around the room, turning their faces towards the Sheik as they pass him, and making "*obeisance*" in a very reverential manner. Presently, from a gallery over our heads, come sounds of music—drums gently beaten and soft airs from a flute-like instrument called *ney*. The promenaders gradually catch the time of the music; the music grows quicker and quicker, the airs more and more exciting; the men circle round the room at accelerated speed,

never pausing, but never failing to turn their faces and make obeisance when passing the Sheik. After a little time a cloak is thrown off, the arms are outstretched, the palm of one hand turned upward and the other downward, the head is thrown on one side, the whole appearance becomes rapt and ecstatic, and the body is whirled, the toes of one foot used as a pivot, until the full skirt is filled out like an inflated balloon. Another and another catches the afflatus, until the whole company are pirouetting round the large hall in a continuous circle and with constantly increasing velocity. They continue this without the least apparent fatigue, for such a length of time that one begins to feel that the problem of perpetual motion is solved, and they will go on forever and forever. The excitement of watching them is so intense that it seems impossible to look away, and when one after another resumed his normal state as quietly and gracefully as a bird flutters to the earth after an ærial flight, it was an immense relief to our tensely strung nerves. The accompanying picture can only present the position—the motion must be left to sight or imagination.

The *Tekoy* of the Howling Dervishes is at Scutari. The approach to it is through an immense Turkish cemetery—and a ride of several miles under the shadow of the majestic, funereal cypresses is a fit introduction to the barbarous ceremonies we are to witness. There is nothing attractive about the room we enter—it is dusky and dingy. The Sheik sits in the sacred place, and on the wall near him still hang the spears, darts, knives, chains pincers, etc., with which the worshippers used to submit to be tortured when at the height of their frenzy, though this is now forbidden.

In the centre of the room there were men seated on rugs, who seemed to lead in the *devotions.* They repeat the ninety-nine names or attributes of God, counting them upon a string of ninety-nine beads, sometimes as many as ninety-nine times. The performers stand in a row about the sides of the room opposite to the Sheik. There are white men and black men; men bronzed with out-of-door life and those more delicate in appearance; but all having the peculiar expression that betokens the fanatic.

They begin their performance by repeating the confession of faith, "*La-il-lah—il-laḥ-lah*"—"There is one God," etc.—bowing with each syllable—forward, backward, right, left—coming

to the perpendicular between each bow. They begin slowly, and quicken the time of repeating the syllables until it is so rapid that only "*il-lah*" can be distinguished. The Sheik stamps upon the floor. The time is still quickened, and "*lah*" only is heard—as a *groan*, while an occasional voice, with power enough left to rise above the rest, shouts, "*Hoo-yah-hoo!*" (He—He is God) which sounds much like an Indian war-whoop. The frenzy increases. Garments are thrown off one by one, until only enough remain for decency, and the perspiration flows in streams. One almost expects to see the body entirely unhinged and fall in fragments on the floor! Spectators catch the excitement, and take places at the ends of the rows, and begin the "*Il-lah!*" Attendants pass around from one to another taking the white linen skull-caps that are saturated with perspiration, and giving dry ones in their place.

Still it goes on; faces are fearfully contorted and lose almost all look of humanity; the cries have lost all distinctness, and sound like a mingling of yells, roars and groans! Sights and sounds are horrid, and yet the horror fascinates! Even the stranger who has no sympathy with the wild fanatical performance begins to feel as though sense and reason are about to take their departure, when the sounds gradually die away—as if the *menagerie* was retreating.

The reeking, exhausted company, hardly able to stand without reeling, have a sacred girdle held before them to be kissed and mumbled over; and various other ceremonies, without any special significance to the spectators, are performed, and afterwards our attention is attracted from the howlers to the Sheik.

A child about six years old is brought to the Sheik and placed flat upon its stomach upon the floor, and the Sheik stands with both feet firmly planted on his back! We expected to see the breath quite pressed out of him, but he rises fresh and smiling, raises the hand of the Sheik to his lips and kisses it, while the father of the boy looks as though he considered the child supremely blessed. Several men prostrate themselves and are more or less *walked over*, and each one on rising kisses the hand of the Sheik.

It was an altogether disgusting spectacle, and most sadly depressing to see men trying to please God by such debasing ceremonies.

AMERICAN METHODISM.

IMPRESSIONS AND RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CENTENNIAL CONFERENCE.

BY REV. W. S. BLACKSTOCK.

It would require a volume rather than a brief Magazine article to do justice to the Centennial Conference of American Methodism, which recently closed its sessions in the city of Baltimore. Anything like an appreciative treatment of the *personnel* of that august body would require more than the space which I have at my disposal. And any one of the elaborate and eloquent papers read during its sessions would furnish abundant material for an article, to say nothing of the discussions which took place and the various important business transacted. To give even an intelligible outline of the proceedings, and to invest it with life and interest, would be impossible within the prescribed limits of this paper. The presentation of a few general impressions and recollections is all that can be attempted.

The idea of holding this Centennial celebration, and of holding it in Baltimore, was a specially happy thought. It is true this is not the first celebration of the kind which has occurred in the history of Methodism, though it is not yet, in any organized form, a hundred and fifty years old. As early as 1839 the English Wesleyans celebrated the Centenary of Methodism, and the Methodist Episcopal Church joined with them in the celebration. The event commemorated on that occasion was the formation of the United Societies, which occurred in 1739. Eighteen years ago, in 1866, the Centenary of Methodism in America was celebrated, dating from the formation of what is supposed to have been the first Methodist class in America, by Philip Embury, prompted and assisted by his kinswoman, Barbara Heck, which took place in the city of New York in 1766. The present celebration is in commemoration of the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church, by the action of the Christmas Conference of 1784, under the guidance of the statesman-like mind of Wesley, by whom its constitution, rules, and regulations appear to have been in the main drawn up. It was at that Conference that Methodism first took on the character of a separate

and independent Church, and adopted that form of ecclesiastical polity which, with comparatively trifling modifications, in the larger branches of the denomination, continues to this day.

There was a special fitness, too, in the place selected for the holding of this great commemorative gathering. Baltimore had special claims to this honour. It is not necessary to debate the question whether Robert Strawbridge preached and formed a society in Maryland before Philip Embury began his ministry in New York. That is a point on which the evidence is conflicting; it may, therefore, as well be allowed to rest. There can be little doubt, however, that if the opening of Strawbridge's ministry did not precede the commencement of that of Embury, it occurred about the same time; and Baltimore became almost immediately one of the most influential centres of Methodism in the New World. It was one of those starting-points from which it set out on that career of unparalleled progress which has made it the marvel of ecclesiastical history. And here too, doubtless on account of its central location and the influential position which the Baltimore society had acquired among the Methodist organizations of the country, the first General Conference—the Conference of 1784, at which the organization of the Church took place—was held. Baltimore was the scene of the event which the Centennial Conference was designed to commemorate.

Then, as Baltimore was the seat of the General Conference of 1840—the saddest that has ever occurrrd in the entire history of the denomination in the United States—at which the separation between the Northern and Southern branches of the Methodist Episcopal Church took place, it was fitting that the first great representative gathering in which these separated brethren were to meet together on common ground—the unhappy cause of their separation having in the meantime been providentially removed—should be held in the same place. As it was here they turned their backs upon each other forty-four years ago, it was fitting that now that the reaction in the direction of fraternity, and, as we may hope, in the direction of ultimate organic unity, had fairly set in, they should meet face to face on the same spot. If the bitterness and sorrow of the parting, so pathetically referred to by Dr. J. B. McFerrin and others, had projected themselves into all the intervening years between that time and the present, there is reason to hope that the joy of this meeting and the

blessed results to which it is destined to lead, shall extend to the entire future of the denomination in the United States.

It was impossible, I think, for any one to be present at this remarkable gathering during the eight days that it was in session without being profoundly impressed with the fact of the essential unity of Methodism, however it may be divided in external organization. It was difficult to realize that one was in the midst of representatives of eight different Churches. The family likeness was so strongly marked in all, it was impossible for a stranger to determine, from anything that he either saw or heard, to which branch of the great family any of them belonged. They all spoke the same language, they all breathed the same spirit. They represented different ecclesiastical organizations, but only one Methodism. Whether they belonged to the North or to the South, whether they were white or black, they all gave the same prominence to what, in the title of one of the papers read, were felicitously called "the four points of Methodism," viz.: Heart Conversion, the Witness of the Spirit, Christian Experience, and Sanctification. It is evident that the same fidelity to the Wesleyan standards has been maintained both in the smaller and the larger branches of the denomination. All have held fast with equal tenacity to the form of sound words delivered to them by the fathers. And what is hardly less important in its relation to permanent prosperity and progress, they have kept the altar-fires burning which the first generation of Methodists and Methodist preachers tended with so much fidelity. There was throughout all the sessions of the Conference, in all the utterances of its members, the ring of a genuine religious experience. The hearts of these brethren responded to one another in a way that showed how thoroughly they were dominated by the same spirit.

Of course, the most overwhelming impression which one received from this great gathering, and what transpired during its sessions, was of the vastness of the work which had been accomplished through the instrumentality of Methodism during the last hundred years. This was the great thought which necessarily forced itself continually upon the attention of every one present. It could not have been otherwise. In a commemorative gathering of the kind, the minds of its members are necessarily busy with the records and recollections of the past; and

with such a retrospect as that upon which the representative men of American Methodism were called by the character and circumstances of the occasion to look back, it was impossible that they should not be profoundly moved. There has never been anything like it. It is safe to say that, since the days of the apostles, the history of the Church of God furnishes no parallel to that which has been accomplished by this denomination during the century just closed. The only wonder is that Methodists everywhere are not more deeply impressed with the marvellous history of their denomination and its sublime achievements. Nothing probably would furnish a more powerful antidote to the leaven of skepticism which is at work even among Christian people, and nothing would be more likely to produce a spirit of genuine revival among us, than a profound study of our past history, as a people raised by the providence of God to spread Scriptural holiness over all these lands.

Baltimore itself is a striking illustration of what has been accomplished by this form of Christianity during the last hundred years. The contrast between the Baltimore of 1784 and that of 1884 is simply marvellous. At the former of these periods it had one Methodist place of worship, at the latter it had one hundred Methodist churches. Then it probably had not more than two or three hundred members—Lovely Lane Chapel would not hold more than about that number—now it has an aggregate membership, in all the Methodist churches, of 27,598. Baltimore has in the mean time grown from two adjacent but distinct villages, with an aggregate population of 10,000, into a compactly built and beautiful city, the home of 350,000 people. But notwithstanding this enormous growth, Methodism has more than kept pace with the increase of population. Probably in 1784 one in ten of the people in Baltimore was an adherent of Methodism; in 1884 more than one-fourth of the entire population are Methodists by predilection.

And yet, marvellous as this is, it does not fairly represent the growth of Methodism either in America or throughout the world. At the time of the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1784 there were eighty-three itinerant preachers in the United States, and a total membership of less than 15,000. In 1884, according to the carefully-compiled figures of that incomparable statistician, Dr. Daniel Dorchester, there were 26,932

travelling preachers; 33,953 local preachers; 3,724,145 full members; and 177,236 members on trial; making a total of 3,951,026 communicants. During this time the population of the United States has been increasing as the population of no other country ever increased; and yet Methodism has not only kept pace with the increase, but it has gained on it at every step. In 1800 there was one Methodist communicant to every eighty-two inhabitants; in 1850 there was one in every seventeen; in 1870 there was one in fourteen; and in 1880 there was one in thirteen inhabitants.

And this growth of Methodism is quite as remarkable when viewed in its relation to the growth of other religious bodies, as when viewed in its relation to the growth of population. The only Church at all comparable with it in this respect is the Roman Catholic Church; and even it has been unable to keep pace with its more youthful and vigorous competitor. Even as early as 1800, Methodism had twice as many adherents, and though the growth of Romanism has been enormous, the proportion has been kept up to the present. In 1800 the adherents of the Roman Catholic Church numbered 100,000, and those of Methodism 227,129. In 1850 the Roman Catholic element in the population, having been largely reinforced both by annexation and immigration, had grown to 1,614,000; but Methodism, as the result of her untiring evangelism, had increased the number of her adherents to 4,891,093. In the next twenty years Roman Catholicism made such enormous strides that in 1870 it had a population in the United States of 4,600,000; but Methodism still kept the lead, the number of its adherents being, according to the census taken in that year, 9,420,439. Coming down to 1880, the Roman Catholic element in the population had increased to 6,369,330, while the Methodist population had gone up to 13,450,809. Last year, 1884, according to *Sadlier's Catholic Directory, Ordo, and Almanac*, the number of the Catholic population was 6,623,176, while that of Methodism, as appeared from the most reliable statistics, was 14,058,790.

From these figures it will be seen that Methodism has more than twice as many adherents in the United States as Romanism; and that since 1870 the Methodist population of that country has increased 4,638,351, while the Roman Catholic population has gained 2,023,176. The growth of Methodism is

still more remarkable when considered relatively to that of the leading Protestant denominations. All of these had been at work on this continent prior to the introduction of Methodism into America; and three of them at least, the Protestant Episcopal, the Congregational, and the Presbyterian, have had the advantage from the beginning of having a larger share of the wealth, the culture, and high social influence than Methodism had; and yet, as the statistics show, it has, both in the number of its ministers and its communicants, left them all behind. The Baptist denomination, which is composed of several separate and distinct branches, is the one which comes nearest to it, occupying the second place among the Protestant denominations. It had in 1880 in all its branches, 18,331 ministers and 2,452,878 communicants. The Presbyterians, of all kinds, who take the next place, in point of numbers, had 9,082 ministers and 1,017,848 communicants. The Congregationalists come next, with 3,654 ministers, and 384,332 communicants. The Protestant Episcopal Church takes the fifth place with 3,432 ministers and 338,333 communicants. These are certainly very large figures, and they show that these great leading Protestant Churches have not been idle. Each of them, no doubt, has done excellent work, and made for itself a record of which it need not be ashamed; but the fact that Methodism, in its various branches, had, in the same year to which these figures refer, 25,373 ministers and 3,775,753 communicants, shows that, in elasticity and expansive power, none of them can compare with it.

These are astounding figures, and one feels how impossible it is to mentally realize the facts which they represent, but even these do not express all that has been accomplished through the instrumentality of American Methodism. Already its influence extends to every quarter of the globe. In several of the countries of Continental Europe, in India, in China, in Japan, in Africa, in Mexico, in Central and South America, and in other places its missions are in effective and successful operation. To follow these various streams of influence which are flowing out to the ends of the earth, and to attempt even to estimate the results which have been secured would be quite impossible within the limits of this article. The papers and addresses given at the Centennial Conference furnished much valuable information on this subject, which will no doubt command the interested

attention of the whole Church when it is given to the public, as it will be shortly, in permanent form. But with this reference I must leave it.

The Methodism of Canada, however, is too closely related to that of the United States for it to be altogether excluded even from this brief and fragmentary discussion. Any treatment of American Methodism which did not take that in would be inexcusably defective. The Methodism of this country, it is true, is the joint product of the missionary labours of both the Methodism of Great Britain and that of the United States. And to each of these doubtless it owes much. But to no other class is it indebted to the same extent for the commanding position which it occupies to-day, as to the heroic pioneer evangelists who first found their way into this country from the United States, and their co-labourers and successors, who were raised up in Canada through their instrumentality. This is especially true of the Province of Ontario. The impulse which those self-denying and devoted men gave to the work in this country has not yet expended itself. Though they have been gathered to their fathers the work which they set on foot still goes on.

This must have been apparent to the members of the Centennial Conference, from the admirable *resume* of the history of Methodism in Canada given by Dr. Williams in his able and interesting paper read before that body ; and from the statistics—furnished, I understand, by Rev. George H. Cornish—presented by Dr. Dorchester. I have not room for even an outline of Dr. Williams' paper, which was in every respect creditable ; but the figures referred to are too important to be omitted. They seem small, it is true, in comparison with the statistics of Methodism in the United States. But when the fact is taken into account that the population of this country is scarcely one-tenth of that of the United States, and that the relative strength of the Roman Catholic Church is vastly greater with us than it is with them, there is nothing in this exhibit of results of which we need be ashamed. If they do not afford us ground for boasting, they certainly do furnish argument for devout thanksgiving to Him who "always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savour of His knowledge by us in every place."

From these figures it appears that the total strength of Methodism in the Dominion, in 1884, included 1,639 ministers;

1,952 local preachers; and a total membership of 171,884. If to this be added the fifty-three ministers, forty-one local preachers, and 8,562 members in Newfoundland, it brings up the aggregate Methodism of British North America to 1,692 ministers, 1,993 local preachers, and 178,707 members, making a total of 180,499 communicants. From these statistics we learn also, that Methodism has during the last thirty-three years been steadily gaining upon the population of this part of Her Majesty's dominions. In 1851 the adherents of Methodism formed eleven per cent. of the entire population of British North America; in 1861, fourteen per cent.; in 1871, sixteen per cent.; and in 1881, seventeen per cent. We learn, further, that in 1881, the time at which the last Dominion census was taken, the adherents of Methodism constituted thirty per cent. of the entire population in the Province of Ontario; three per cent. in the Province of Quebec; eleven per cent. in Nova Scotia; ten per cent. in New Brunswick; eleven per cent. in Manitoba; and twelve per cent. in Prince Edward's Island.

Methodists from the beginning, to borrow the words of Dr. J. H. Vincent, "have been after souls," and the acquisition of property, even for the Church, has been with them an altogether secondary matter. It is interesting, therefore, to know that He to whom belong the gold and the silver, the earth and the fulness thereof, and in whose hand are the hearts of men, has even in this respect endowed this great denomination so richly. The Church which secures the confidence and affection of the people by following the example of Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost, and by devising large and liberal measures for the intellectual and social, as well as the spiritual improvement of the condition of the ignorant, degraded, and oppressed, need have no fear of being left without the means necessary for the vigorous and successful prosecution of its work. This is one of the lessons most impressively taught by the history of American Methodism during the last hundred years. The first Methodist sermon ever heard in Baltimore was delivered from a blacksmith's block in 1769. Fifteen years afterward, at the Christmas Conference of 1784, but sixty places of worship were reported as belonging to the entire Church; and it was predicted that a corn crib would hold all the Methodists. But Methodism has in the United States to-day thirty thousand churches, the number

increasing at the rate of five for every working day of the year. These will accommodate about ten million of worshippers; and their estimated money value is eighty millions of dollars. And though for many years American Methodism, depending chiefly upon the labours of unmarried ministers, paid little attention to the erection of parsonages, it is interesting to know that at present it holds property of that kind to the extent of twenty millions.

I am afraid it must be confessed that even now a vast majority of the ministers of American Methodism receive only a very slender support, and yet more than twelve millions are paid by it annually for salaries and kindred claims. And the liberality of its contributions for local objects has not prevented it from considering, and munificently responding to, the claims of the perishing in the regions beyond. The first collection made among the Methodists of America for missionary purposes of which we have any record—that made at the Christmas Conference of 1784, the object being to furnish an outfit for the two missionaries about to set out for Nova Scotia, in response to the pathetic and earnest appeals of Mr. Black—yielded less than three hundred dollars. Now three millions are raised annually for missions. The Methodist Episcopal Church alone raised last year for all purposes about seventeen millions; which is supposed to be about half the aggregate amount raised by all branches of the denomination in the United States. The Methodist Episcopal Church has resolved to raise at least ten millions as a Centennial offering, chiefly for educational purposes. The Methodist Episcopal Church South hopes to raise two millions, and, I perceive, has already more than one million one hundred thousand of it subscribed, with several Conferences to be heard from. And it is confidently expected that, in proportion to their numbers and wealth, the other Methodist Churches will manifest an equal degree of enterprise and liberality. It is probable, therefore, that the educational establishment of the denomination will be very greatly strengthened as the result of the Centennial celebration. It is evidently felt by the leading minds in all the Churches represented in the late Conference that the time has fully come for a forward movement all along the line in respect to this matter; and this conviction having once taken possession of the minds of these large-hearted, patriotic, and Christian men, we

may confidently expect them to act in a manner worthy of themselves, and worthy of the record which they have made for enlightened enterprize and liberality in the past.

If the Centennial Conference had not given very earnest attention to the matter of education, it would not have been true to the traditions of the denomination from the beginning. Methodism was born in a university, and it has never forgotten its birthplace. It has always put the salvation of souls before everything else; but it has never thought it inconsistent with this to give earnest heed to the intellectual improvement of the people to whom it preached the Gospel. In nothing perhaps connected with this great revival of primitive and apostolic Christianity was the hand of God more strikingly visible than in the fact that the leaders in it were highly cultured and scholarly men. It was this which preserved it from running into fanaticism at the beginning, and has given it ever since an element of stability and permanence which it would not have otherwise had. The result has been that though its mission has been largely to the debased and ignorant classes of society, it has never been content to leave them in their debasement and ignorance. It has gone down to these classes not merely to remain with them in their degradation, but to lift them out of it. Its mission has not only been to rescue the perishing, but to raise up the lowly. And it has recognized the spread of knowledge and the development and training of the God-given faculties of the soul, as essential factors in this process. It is a remarkable fact that the establishment of Methodist schools was all but simultaneous with the formation of the Methodist societies. It was in 1739, the very year in which the General Rules were drawn up, and the United Societies founded, that the foundation of Kingswood School was laid. As early as 1774, at the first Methodist Conference held in the New World, a proposal was made to start a theological school, and though the difficulties in the way of the project being carried out were too great for them to be immediately overcome, the matter was never lost sight of. In the darkest days of the Revolution, John Dickins, an educated Englishman, who had received his intellectual training at Eaton, was planning at once the establishment of a university and a publishing-house. In 1784, at the Christmas Conference, the project for starting a college took definite shape, and the foundation of Cokesbury College was

laid the following year. That undertaking ended in disaster, it is true, but it went far enough to demonstrate to their own contemporaries and to all the generations following of what manner of spirit these early Methodists were. The very attempt to start a college at that time, considering their feebleness, their poverty, and their persecution, gives one an impression of their prophetic foresight, and their courageous enterprize that is amazing. There is nothing comparable with it in the history of this Continent, as an illustration of the sublime audacity of men who felt that they were in alliance with Omnipotence, except it be the Puritans founding Harvard Unversity in the wilderness of Boston.

The impression that I received at the Centennial Conference, both from the character of the papers and the addresses, to which I had the privilege of listening, and also from the tone of the discussions and conversations which took place, was that never were the representative men of American Methodism more deeply impressed with the importance of higher education, and that conducted under the direct supervision and direction of the Church, than they are at present. Nay, if I was not entirely deceived by what I heard, they never were before half as much alive to the importance of this matter as they are to-day. Whoever thinks of abandoning the policy of educating their own youth in their own institutions, these men have no such idea. Having once put their own hand to the plough in this matter, they have no thought of looking back. One is amazed at what has already been done by American Methodists in this respect, and yet they seem disposed to reproach themselves for not having done more.

Dr. Carlisle, of Spartanburg, South Carolina, summed up the educational establishment of Methodism in the United States as follows :—Seventy universities and colleges, with at least as many classical schools and seminaries. Besides these it has in the foreign mission field more than twenty high schools and colleges, and ten theological seminaries. Prof. William North Rice put the number of universities and colleges somewhat lower. He summarized this part of the educational establishment of Methodism as follows :—Sixty-one colleges (of which thirteen have faculties of more than ten members, and none more than twenty) ; aggregate number in faculties 484 ; number of students, 4,760 ; number of volumes in libraries, 250,000; aggregate college property, $9,982,-000. He then gave the educational establishments of the Cal-

vinistic Churches (grouping together under that head the Presbyterian, the Congregationalist, and the German and Dutch Reformed Churches), and the Protestant Episcopal Church, respectively, and demonstrated by a mathematical process that Methodism will have to very considerably strengthen its establishment in order to put it on an equality with that of their sister Churches in proportion to its vastly superior numbers. I say nothing about the fairness of this comparison. There are other things probably which ought to be taken account of, in making a comparison of this kind, besides numbers. I am not sure that Methodism has not, on the whole, done its work in this respect quite as well as any of the denominations. If, however, it has fallen behind in this particular, it is not at all likely to remain behind. In the matter of secondary education, and especially in the matter of the education of women, it has performed its part nobly; and if it has not as high a grade of universities, and as many of them in proportion to its numbers as some of the other Churches, the time probably is near at hand when in this respect, as in all others, it will take the place which properly belongs to it as the largest, the most enterprizing, and the most influential of all the Protestant denominations in the country. This is nothing more than I confidently expect.

TO-MORROW.

LORD, what am I, that with unceasing care,
Thou didst seek after me, that Thou didst wait,
Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?

O strange delusion! that I did not greet
Thy blest approach, and O! to heaven how lost,
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon Thy feet.

How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
"Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see
How he persists to knock and wait for thee!"
And O! how often to that voice of sorrow,
"To-morrow we will open," I replied.
And when the morrow came, I answered still
"To-morrow."

—*Longfellow.*

CHRISTIANITY AND THE SCRIPTURES.

BY THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

II.

SOME have been bold enough to say that the wide recognition, at the present day, of ethical doctrines in practical forms is due not to Christianity, but to the progress of civilization. In answer to them I will only halt for a moment, to ask the question how it came that the Greek and, in its turn, the Roman civilization, each advancing to so great a height, did not similarly elevate the moral standards. And I shall by anticipation put in a caveat against any attempt to reply merely by exhibiting here and there an unit picked out of the philosophic schools, or the ideal pictures which may be found in the writings of a tragedian; pictures which have no more to do with the practical life of contemporary Greece, than have the representations of the Virgin and the Child, so much admired in our galleries, with the lives and characters of those who look on them, or in most instances of those who painted them.

A comparison between Epictetus and Paley, or between Aristotle and Escobat, would be curious, but would not touch the point. I do not inquire how low some Christian may have descended, or how high some heathen may have risen, in theory, any more than in practice. When I speak of the morality of a religion, I mean the principles and practices for which it has obtained the assent of the mind and heart of man; which it has incorporated into the acknowledged and standing code of its professors; which it has exhibited in the traditional practices, sometimes of the generality, sometimes only of the best. But this is a large subject, and lies apart. My present argument is only with those who hold that Christianity lies within the true scope of the principle of authority, but do not develop the phrase Christianity into its specific meanings.

To such it may be fairly put, that under this name of Christianity we are to understand something that has some sort of claims and sanctions peculiarly its own; for it is not religion only, but Christian religion, which comes to us accredited by

legitimate authority. Now I hope to obtain a general assent when I contend that Christianity can have no exclusive or preternatural claim upon us, unless that which distinguishes it as a religion, has some proportionate representation in the sphere of morality. In its ultimate, general, and permanent effects upon morality, largely understood, the test of the value of a religion is to be found; and if mankind, in its most enlightened portions, has lent the weight of its authority to Christianity, we must needs understand the word to carry and include some moral elements due and peculiar to the religious system.

And it is not difficult to sketch in outline some at least of the features which give specialty to Christian morals, without disturbing their relation to the general, and especially the best non-Christian morality of mankind.

First and foremost, they are founded on the character and pattern of a Person, even more, if possible, than on His words. In Him they recognize the standard of consummate and divine perfection.

Secondly, they draw all forms of duty, to God, to men, and to ourselves, from one and the same source.

Thirdly, they are to be practised towards all men alike, independently of station or race, or even life or creed.

Fourthly, they are meant and fitted for all men equally to hold; and their most profound vitality, if not their largest and most varied development, is within the reach of the lowly and uninstructed, in whose minds and hearts it has, for the most part, fewer and less formidable barriers to surmount, or "strongholds," in the apostle's language, to cast down.

Fifthly, the Christian law has placed the relation of man and woman, as such, in the great institution of marriage upon such a footing as is nowhere else to be found. I do not say that this is a restitution of a primitive law; but, if so, it was one, the strain of which, was found too great for those to whom it was given to bear. This law, with all its restraints of kin, of unity, and of perpetuity, is perhaps the subtlest, as well as the most powerful, of all the social instruments which the Almighty has put into use for the education of the race: and it is one, I am firmly persuaded, which no self-acting force, no considerations of policy, will ever be able to uphold in modern societies, when it shall have been severed from its authoritative source.

I will not dwell in detail on the mode in which the Gospel treats the law of love, the law of purity, or that which is perhaps most peculiar to it, the law of pain; but will be content with saying, sixthly and lastly, that Christian morals as a whole—as an entire system covering the whole life, nature, and experience of man—stand broadly distinguished by their rich, complete, and searching character from other forms of moral teaching now extant in the world.

Says Abbé Martin, "The Eastern churches are almost all of them dead or dying for the last many centuries." Dying for the last many centuries! It is told, I think of Foutenelle, that he was warned against coffee as a slow poison. "A very slow one," he replied, "I have drunk it through eighty years." Surely such a statement as that of the Abbé Martin is as poor, thin, transparent, shift, which the dire necessities of exhausted polemics may rather account for, than excuse.

I shall attempt no reply, except to say that the score of millions of those Christians who inhabit the Turkish Empire, have for almost a corresponding tale of generations enjoyed the highest of all honours; they have been sufferers for their faith. They have been its martyrs and confessors. They alone have continuously filled that character. Many a tender maid, at the threshold of her young life, has gladly met her doom, when the words that accepted Islam, the act that invested her with the yatchak, would have make her in a moment a free and honoured member of a privileged, a dominant community. Ever since the Turkish hoof began to lay waste the Levant, those twenty millions have had before them, on the one side peace and freedom, on the other side the Gospel. They have chosen the Gospel; and have paid the forfeit. And whatever be their faults and errors, it is not for us of the West, amidst our ease and prosperity, our abundant sins and scandals, to stigmatize them as professors of a dead or dying Christianity, and thus to disparage the most splendid and irrefragable, perhaps, of all the testimonies which man can render to the religion of the Cross.

Let us avoid the error of seeking to cherish a Christianity of isolation. The Christianity which is now and hereafter to flourish, and through its power in the inner circles of human thought, to influence, ultimately, in some manner more adequate than now, the masses of mankind, must be such as of old the Wisdom of God was described:

"For in her is an understanding spirit, holy, one only, manifold, subtle, lively, clear, undefiled, plain, not subject to hurt, loving the thing that is good, quick, which cannot be letted, ready to do good, kind to man, steadfast, sure, free from care, having all power, overseeing all things. . . .

"For she is the brightness of the everlasting light, the unspotted mirror of the power of God, and the image of His goodness."

It must be filled full with human and genial warmth, in close sympathy with every true instinct and need of man, regardful of the just titles of every faculty of his nature, apt to associate with and make its own all, under whatever name which goes to enrich and enlarge the patrimony of the race.

And therefore it is well that we should look out over the field of history and see if haply its records, the more they are unfolded do or do not yield us new materials for the support of faith. Some at least among us experience has convinced that just as fresh wonder and confirmed conviction flow from examining the structure of the universe, and its countless inhabitants, and their respective adaptations to the purposes of their being, and to the use of man, the same results will flow in yet larger measure from tracing the footmarks of the Most High in the seemingly bewildered paths of human history. Everywhere, before us, behind us, and around us, and above us and beneath, we shall find the Power which—

> "Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
> Spreads undivided, operates unspent."

And, together with the Power, we shall find the goodness and the wisdom, of which that sublime Power is but a minister. Nor can that wisdom and that goodness anywhere shine forth with purer splendour, than when the divine forethought, working from afar, in many places, and through many generations, so adjusts beforehand the acts and the affairs of men as to let them all converge upon a single point; namely, upon that redemption of the world, by God made man, in which all the rays of His glory are concentrated, and from which they pour forth a flood of healing light even over the darkest and saddest places of creation.

If we survey with care and candour the present wealth of the world—I mean its wealth intellectual, moral, and spiritual—we

find that Christianity has not only contributed to the patrimony of man its brightest and most precious jewels, but has likewise been what our Saviour pronounced it, the salt or preserving principle of all the residue, and has maintained its health, so far as it has been maintained at all, against corrupting agencies. But, the salt is one thing, the thing salted is another: and, as in the world of nature, so in the world of mind and of human action, there is much that is outside of Christianity, that harmonizes with it, that revolves, so to speak, around it, but that did not and could not grow out of it. It seems to have been for the filling up of this outline for the occupation of this broad sphere of exertion and enjoyment, that the Greeks were, in the counsels of Providence, ordained to labour: that so the Gospel, produced in the fulness of time, after the world's long gestation, might have its accomplished work in rearing mankind up to its perfection, first in the spiritual life, but also, and through that spiritual life, in every form of excellence, for which the varied powers and capacities of the race had been created.

Whether we refer to the Scriptures, or to the collateral evidence of history and of the Church, we find it to be undeniable as a fact that Christianity purports to be not a system of moral teaching only, but in vital union therewith, a system of revealed facts concerning the nature of God, and His dispensations towards mankind. Upon these facts, which centre in our Lord and Saviour, moral teaching is to rest, and to these it is to be indissolubly attached. Thus the part of Christianity, called doctrinal, has that claim to enter into our affirmative or negative decision, which belongs to a question strictly practical. It is, therefore, one, to which we inevitably must daily and hourly say aye or no by our actions, even if we have given no speculative reply upon it.

Even within the compass of the New Testament we see the Christian system presented in various stages of development, by its various books, to those for whom they were originally intended. One of these, the earliest stage, is exhibited to us by the three first, or, as they are now commonly and conveniently termed, the Synoptical Gospels. Another by the Acts of the Apostles—a book in which we find our religion advanced to the stage of corporate or collective action. We find here the first form of that great society, the Church, which, under the name of the kingdom of heaven, our Lord had Himself, not established, but

predicted. The two remaining stages are represented by the Gospel of St. John and apostolical epistles respectively. The one may be regarded as crowning the Synoptical Gospels, and the other the Acts of the Apostles. For the apostolic epistles, together with the apocalypse, both exhibit in detail the nature and workings of the Christian society, and supply the most comprehensive model of that practical instruction which was given by the earliest and greatest fathers of the Church.

The Gospel of St. John, on the other hand, supplies a fourth biography of our Lord. It was certainly given to the Church, according to the general judgment of Christendom, after the three other Gospels; and it also presents the teaching of our Saviour under a new aspect, much more doctrinal and also more abstract, than that which it bears in the works of the Synoptical writers, to whose compositions it adds little in matters of fact, unless when special teaching was connected with them, or, when as in the two closing chapters the evangelist had to record circumstances immediately connected with the foundation of the Church.

But why should it be incredible, or even strange, that of any teaching whatever, much more than of such marvellous teaching as our Lord's, some elements should pass more easily into some minds, and others into other minds of a different complexion or affinity? The disciple "whom Jesus loved," has given us the fullest and deepest picture of His love, and together with His love, of His person. But it has been justly remarked by Dean Alford, that there are scattered over the pages of the Synoptics a certain number of passages, which are in precise correspondence with the general strain of St. John.

And it cannot be too carefully borne in mind, that while St. John discloses to us a more inward aspect of the doctrine of our Lord, and supplies many propositions that we could not directly gather from his predecessors, the moral and practical bearings of the Four Evangelists are in close and thorough correspondence. They have the very same ethical basis, and they go to produce the very same frame of mind and course of action, and by this very fact, the case of the Gospels is forever separated from any true analogy with the rival representations of Socrates in the works of Plato, and of Xenophon respectively, where the ethical bearings of the two systems appear to be widely different, if not altogether irreconcilable.

The communication of our Lord's life, discourses, and actions to believers, by means of the Four Gospels was so arranged, in the order of God's providence, that they should be first supplied with biographies of Him which have for their staple His miracles and His ethical teaching, while the mere doctrinal and abstract portion of His instructions was a later addition to the patrimony of the Christian Church.

A leading feature in almost all the parables of our Lord is the social and collective aspect of Christianity, incorporated with what the Gospels ordinarily call the kingdom of heaven. The parables are so contrived that without explaining in detail the constitution of that kingdom, they familiarly impress the mind with its idea; with the image of some scheme or system into which men were to be brought, so that they should habitually live in it, and that they should ultimately be judged by the laws appointed for its government. The kingdom as well as the kingship, the appointment of a new dispensation of brotherhood among men, as well as the supremacy of our Lord in that brotherhood, were thus, as it were, things sown and stored, in the mind of the apostles to abide their time; like the spark laid up in ashes to await the moment when it should be kindled into flame.

No poetry, no philosophy, no art of Greece, ever embraced, in its most soaring and widest conceptions, that simple law of love towards God and towards our neighbour on which "two commandments hang all the law and the prophets," and which supplied the basis of the new dispensation.

There is one history, and that the most touching and most profound of all, for which we should search in vain through all the pages of the classics—I mean the history of the human soul in its relations with its Maker; the history of its sin, and grief, and death, and of the way of its recovery to hope and life, and to enduring joy. For the exercises of strength and skill, for the achievements and for the enchantments of wit, of eloquence, of art, of genius, for the imperial games of politics and war—let us seek them on the shores of Greece. But if the first among the problems of life be how to establish the peace, and restore the balance of our inward being; if the highest of all conditions in the existence of the creature be his aspect toward the God to whom he owes his being, and in whose great hand he stands; then let us make our search elsewhere. All the wonders of the

Greek civilization heaped together are less wonderful than is the single Book of Psalms.

Precious truths, and laws of relative right and the brotherhood of man, such as the wisdom of heathenism scarcely dreamed of and could never firmly grasp, the Gospel has made to be part of our common inheritance, common as the sunlight that warms us, and as the air we breathe. Sharp though our divisions in belief may be, they have not cut so deep as to prevent, or as perceptibly to impair, the recognition of these great outlines and fences of moral action. It is far better for us to trust to the operations of these our common principles and feelings, and to serve our Master together in that wherein we are as one, rather than in aiming at a standard theoretically higher, to set out with a breach of the great commandment, which forms the groundwork of all relative duties, and to refuse to do as we would be done by.

SOMETHING FOR GOD.

SOMETHING, my God, for Thee,
Something for Thee ;
That each day's setting sun may bring
Some penitential offering,
In Thy dear name some kindness done,
To Thy dear love some wanderer won,
Some trials meekly borne for Thee,
Dear Lord for Thee

Something, my God, for Thee,
Something for Thee ;
That to Thy gracious throne may rise
Sweet incense from some sacrifice,
Uplifted eyes, undimmed by tears,
Uplifted faith, unstained by fears,
Hailing each joy as light from Thee,
Dear Lord, from Thee.

Something, my God, for Thee.
Something for Thee ;
For the great love that Thou hast given
For the dear hope of Thee and heaven,
My soul her first allegiance brings,
And upward plumes her heavenly wings,
Nearer to Thee.

CHARLES WESLEY, THE MINSTREL OF METHODISM.

BY THE REV. S. B. DUNN.

II.—A SILHOUETTE AND A SETTING.

CHARLES WESLEY was born December 18, 1707, and died March 29, 1788. The eighty years of his life, therefore, extend from the opening dawn to the fading twilight of the eighteenth century.

This period covers a remarkable era in English history. The Younger Mill calls the eighteenth century "a great age, an age of strong and brave men." It was an age of valour in arms, embellished by the victories of Marlborough and the heroism of the immortal Wolfe. It was the oratorical period in politics, when "the Great Commoner," Burke, Fox, Sir Robert Walpole, Pitt the Younger, and Sheridan electrified the British Parliament with their peerless eloquence. It was "the Augustan period of English letters." Charles Wesley was a child of two years when Samuel Johnson, "that most grotesque of literary Behemoths," or as Malone calls him, "the brightest ornament of the eighteenth century," was born. Two months before our minstrel died Byron flashed like a meteor upon the literary world. The century was scarcely more than half run when Burns, whose ballad-lyrics are the warblings of a poet-soul, began his peasant life. Watts continued to pour forth his sacred songs until the middle of that century, and Cowper ceased only with its close. Among its men of letters are Chesterfield, Horace, Walpole, Hume, Bolingbroke and Gibbon, names that, while they add lustre to literature, do no honour either to morals or to religion. The century that opened on Christian England with the accession of Queen Anne was one of the darkest and deadest in religious life—"a period sunk dead in spirit," says Carlyle. Its ruling minds were Addison, whose sweet and gentle voice called it to virtue; Reynolds, "the first Englishman who, to the other glories of our advancing civilization, added the lustre of art," and exercised the ministry of beauty; Hogarth, whose caricatures did so much to make vice revolting; Swift, that master of scathing satire; Butler, who wielded the wand

of the divine; Goldsmith and Pope, whose harps were swept with minstrel hands filling the age with song; and many others whose fame is the pride of a country fertile in great and gifted men.

Now Charles Wesley shines in this constellation "a bright, particular star." It cannot be said that he stands in the midst of his age a towering and solitary personality, like Nebuchadnezzar's image of gold on the Plain of Dura. "There were giants in those days," and our poet is one of them.

Giants! To apply the epithet *gigantic* to one who bears the name of Wesley savours a little of the ludicrous. The average height of the Wesley family was from five feet four inches to five feet six inches. Between this limited range stood the brothers John and Charles. Bartholomew Wesley, the great-grandfather of our bard, was so small in stature that he was called in ridicule "the puny parson," and "the pitiful, dwindling parson." Samuel Wesley, the rector of Epworth, stood five feet five and a half inches in height, and withal was spare of frame. The founder of Methodism at sixty-six weighed but one hundred and twenty-two pounds, and fourteen years later he weighed exactly the same. But then great men are seldom remarkable for procerity, at least many have been noted for diminutiveness, particularly poets. The minstrel Pope was called "the little man." The minstrel Watts was so small that, proposing marriage to a certain young lady, he was rejected with the pretty remark: "However much she admired the jewel, she could not admire the casket that contained it." The minstrel Wesley, therefore, is in good company, and though a Zachæus in point of stature, yet in point of mind, which Watts says is "the standard of the man," he towers into a Colossus. And what is still more important in respect to character, he contrives, like Zachæus, to "see Jesus," mounting the sycamore of his muse to do it.

But climbing this lofty and umbrageous perch he discovers himself. His muse is his mirror. His verse is an artless and animated record of his life and experience. He has registered his soul in his songs just as Shakespeare has done in his sonnets, and Burns in his ballads. And by painting on the speaking canvas of his verse the portrait of his own mind, in its varying tints and tones, he has become the Raphael of the Christian mind in general. It were possible so to concatenate his hymns as to present in them a connected history of his life, for the

variety of subjects that engage his pen includes almost every event and circumstance of his career. They are, therefore, autobiographical. To cite but an instance or two: mention has already been made of our poet's first hymn and also of his last. In 1749, when he was just about mid-way through life, he wrote:

"And have I measured half my days,
And half my journey run,
Nor tasted the Redeemer's grace,
Nor yet my work begun?

"The morning of my life is past,
The noon almost is o'er;
The night of death approaches fast
When I can work no more."

This was the year of his marriage and the forty-second of his age. At this point the current of his verse, instead of emptying itself, like the Jordan, into a Dead Sea, to emerge no more, opens out like our own St. Lawrence, into a very Atlantic of poetic song. A considerable portion of his correspondence to Miss Sarah Gwynne, his affianced, was written in metre, only instead of being softly sentimental as such effusions often are, his were rich in pure and manly devotion. When the idea of marriage fairly entered his mind he waxed enthusiastic and wrote right off, seventeen hymns on the subject. He says: "He always had a *fear* but no *thought* of marrying;" but when he did marry, "perfect love" would seem to have "cast out fear," for he sang:

"How happy the pair whom Jesus unites
In friendship to share angelic delights,
Whose chaste conversation is coupled with fear,
Whose sure expectation is holiness here.

"My Jesus, my Lord, Thy grace I command,
So kind to afford my weakness a friend;
Thy only good pleasure on me hath bestowed
A heavenly treasure, a servant of God."

Nor was the feeling thus rapturously expressed a momentary spark struck from a flint; it was a flame that no mutation could extinguish. Many years after marriage Mrs. Wesley was afflicted with small-pox, and upon recovery she was sadly disfigured; but her devoted husband assured her that he admired

her more than he had ever done before. His uniform affection during a wedded life of nearly forty years fully justified the generous confidence reposed in him by Mrs. Gwynne, when she said: "I would rather give my child to Mr. Wesley than to any man in England."

Scintillations of character are exceedingly common in our author's hymns. During the famous Gordon Riots in London in 1779, when the "No-Popery" cry was raised, our poet, refusing to join the rioters, became a marked man. On this occasion he wrote a hymn containing the following stanza:

> "In vain doth the assassin dark
> This house for desolation mark,
> Protected by the scarlet sign,
> Already marked with blood Divine;
> His idle threatenings I defy,
> For the destroyer must pass by."

A braver man never breathed. The hard lot of his earlier years helped to knit the fibres of his nature and fitted him for the stern experiences of later life. Like the infant Achilles our poet was dipped in the Styx, and this made him a man of heroic mould. Preaching on one occasion in Sheffield, a captain in the army forced his way through the crowd, drew his sword and presented it to Charles Wesley's breast. The brave man opened his breast, and fixing his benignant eye upon his ungallant assailant, he smiled and calmly said: "I fear God and honour the king." This captain had previously boasted: "You shall see if I do but hold my sword to his breast, he will faint away." Finding himself mistaken in his man, his countenance fell, he heaved a deep sigh, put up his sword and quietly left the place.

Better still, our bard was a good man. "His least praise," says his brother John, "was his talent for poetry." His character possesses a singular charm. Viewed in minute detail it is not, perhaps, without defect; but seen in its *ensemble* it impresses with its harmony and amiability. He presents a signal instance of sanctified genius. A man of parts and attainments, he turned the orb of his entire self to Christ to be quickened and brightened by Him as our revolving earth turns itself to the sun. For this reason his sunny verse shimmers with "a light that never was on sea or land;" and his airy lyrics rise to a radiant heaven like a morning lark throbbing with its own music.

It is well known how much a work savours of the workman. If the poet sicken his verse will sicken. In this case, the muse is immaculate because the man is so. He is one of the few among our poets who "uttered nothing base." He veils no vice in delicate disguise. He never even seems to

> "Make vice pleasing and damnation shine."

> "His chaste muse employed her heaven-taught lyre
> None but the noblest passions to inspire,
> Not one immortal, one corrupted thought,
> One line which, dying, he could wish to blot."

His was "a golden pen," and his tablet

> "Whiter than a star
> Or hand of hymning angel when 'tis seen
> The silver strings of heavenly harp atween."

The secret lay in this, that his afflatus was not of earth but of heaven. His eagle eye drank lustre from the sun. His willing feet

> "Fetched the flowing rhyme
> From the genuine springs."

In one word, the vestal flame of his poetic genius iskindled at the altar of a devout and pious mind. This it is that makes his muse, like the king's daughter, "all glorious within," and that adorns its queenly form with "clothing of wrought gold" and "raiment of needlework."

Outlined, then, in this setting, historical and literary, is at least a silhouette of our poet. Beaming from the circle of his verse, like the angel in the sun, is Charles Wesley himself. Every hymn is a ray of his mind; and while it helps reveal himself—his hopes, his fears, his joys, his sorrows, and all the seraphic saintliness of his mighty soul—it is also the embodiment of a Divine light and life that helps bless and brighten others. Who can estimate the world's indebtedness to the minstrel of Methodism! His hymns have sent a clear, pure current of sacred song rippling over the pebbly bed of many an individual Christian life. They roll their warm and mighty tide, like another Gulf Stream, through the Church of God. "O those hymns!" exclaimed a young man when dying, "they have taught me to

live in the light of eternity, and they have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage." They have lighted up, as with foregleams from heaven the valley of the shadow of death, and have thrown the radiance of the skies into the opening tomb. They have stirred "a gust of praise" that has wafted many a departing soul into yonder world of song, putting into its lips a carol for its upward flight. And never will their mission or their ministry cease until their echoes melt away in the sweeter harmonies of heaven.

"HIS WORD RUNNETH VERY SWIFTLY."

BY DWIGHT WILLIAMS.

In the pathway of the sun,
Where the fires electric run,
Swiftly flies the Living Word;
Not the flight of any bird
O'er the mountains, o'er the seas,
With a song upon the breeze,
Hath a sweeter note of gladness
For the healing of earth's sadness;
Message of the Father's love undying,
Lo, the Word is flying.

O'er the paths which conquerors trod
Long ago with angry rod,
Now the steeds of progress leap
O'er the land and o'er the deep;
Charioteers of peace drive on,
Messengers of God's dear throne,
Inland through the river courses,
Onward to their mountain sources;
Men look heavenward as if an angel
Bore the glad evangel.

'Round the world and 'round it flies;
Die the old philosophies,
Back to silence and to shade
Shrink their gods, their temples fade
In the light that earthward falls
On their dim and hoary walls;
All the nations sitting under
See the bright and passing wonder
Herald of the King in His own glory
Flies redemption's story.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.*

BY THE REV. GEORGE SEXTON, M.A., D.D., LL.D.

II.

THE extent of the knowledge of nature which man has acquired by means of modern scientific discoveries, the myriads of forms of the lower orders of organic beings that have forced themselves upon his attention by means of the microscope, and the opening up the hitherto unexplored regions of space, peopled by millions of suns, the centres of innumerable stellar systems, all this has tended on the one hand to show how small and insignificant he is, and on the other to proclaim his greatness. For what man can gaze on the vast canopy spread over his head in which innumerable stars appear, looking like diamonds set in ebony, and remember that each of these is a sun, with probably a whole system of worlds revolving around it, each one of which holds a position in the scheme of creation equal to our own, and that far beyond the limited field that can be seen in the infinite expanse there are other suns, and other systems of worlds, so numerous that imagination is paralyzed in the attempt to grapple with the number, without feeling the force of the inspired language of the Psalmist, "When I consider the heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained. What is man, that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that Thou visitest him?" And yet, on the other hand, he cannot help feeling the greatness of the mind which can take in so vast a survey, and which he believes will live when stars and systems shall have crumbled into decay. Dr. Erasmus Darwin has depicted the future breaking up of material things as follows:—

> "Star after star, from heaven's high arch shall rush,
> Suns sink on suns, and systems systems crush,
> Headlong, extinct, to one dark centre fall,
> And death, and night, and chaos mingle all!

* Abridged by permission from Dr. Sexton's "Baseless Fabric of Scientific Skepticism," with revision and additions by the author.

Till o'er the wreck, emerging from the storm,
Immortal nature lifts her changeful form,
Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of flame,
And soars and shines, another and the same."

Whether this will take place literally or not in no sense alters the fact that the possibility of it can be conceived and the realization of it imagined, which conception and imagination themselves demonstrate the amazing greatness of the mind in which they are formed, and its marvellous superiority to the material things which it can thus deal with.

One great and important fact in connection with the revelations of science which necessarily presses itself upon the mind of every student of nature, and which has been turned to considerable account in recent speculation is, that everywhere is to be seen the unvarying operation of law. Whether in the revolutions of worlds, or in the growth of a plant, everything takes place in accordance with what is termed a fixed law. And this fact is repeatedly made use of to show that all nature is bound fast in the iron bands of necessity, and that no such thing as mind can be in operation in the production of her phenomena. Everything happens, it is said, by virtue of some power or force inherent in the thing itself, and can be, therefore, in no sense under the direction of intelligence. Strange, indeed, is the sense in which these people used the term law. A moment's reflection will show you that to say a thing happens in accordance with law explains nothing whatever. If I ask you Why does a stone fall to the earth? and you reply by virtue of the law of gravity, you have simply submitted one term for another without in any way explaining the matter. For if I inquire What is gravitation? I shall be told that it is the power by virtue of which things fall to the earth. To say, therefore, that a stone falls to the ground because gravitation so compels it, and that gravitation is the power by virtue of which it falls, is to say that it falls because of the power by virtue of which it falls; and thus to lose ourselves amid a meaningless logomachy which explains nothing.

The same remark will apply to any other law with which we are familiar. In connection with organic beings we are repeatedly being told that this or that thing happens according to law, as though such a statement explained the whole matter whereas, in

truth, it does but say the thing happened because it did happen. Law is not only not a directing agent, but it is not even a force. It can do nothing either in the shape of guiding or of operating when guided. If laws were forces we should still require an intelligence to guide them to a definite end. But they are not even that, and hence, both intelligence and the force which it guides has to be looked for elsewhere. The Duke of Argyll very well remarks: "No new light—nothing but denser darkness—is cast on the phenomena of organic life by calling life the connexus of organic activities. Yet meaningless words are heaped on each other in the desperate effort to dispense with those conceptions which can alone render the order of nature intelligible to us." In an ordinary case it follows as a necessary consequence that law implies a law-giver. But if it be objected in this instance, as it probably will be by the atheist, that these laws do not necessarily imply a law-maker, because they are not mandates given forth to be obeyed, or commands to be acted up to, but simply an observed order of facts, involving the action of forces which may or may not be known, we reply that that very definition precludes the possibility of law being capable of accomplishing anything, and therefore, renders necessary the existence of the Power whose operation is seen in the manifestation of the law.

These laws seem to be working to a definite and particular end. Forces, in every case where they are seen, are taking particular directions, and we have a right to be informed why these directions are taken in preference to any other. The crystal is built up by its particles being deposited according to a certain principle of arrangement. The leaf of the plant is formed by the molecules of which it is made up being arranged in a special and definite way. Now, not only must there have been a force which collected these particles of matter, but there must also have been a Power—and nothing short of intelligence will meet the case—which led them to take the particular direction that resulted in the substance produced. Not unfrequently, too, is a special and definite purpose observed in the operation of law which points unmistakably to a Power capable of planning and designing, and which necessarily, therefore, involves intelligence. I have not space here to enlarge upon the innumerable instances in which design is seen stamped upon the works of nature, nor,

in truth, is the doing so in accordance with my present plan Suffice it to say that on every hand may be observed by those who will take the trouble to look for them, the unmistakable evidences of this fact. In dealing with them the difficulty would be to make a selection, so numerous, indeed, are the facts.

A great many different theories have been propounded by philosophers respecting our perception of the relation between cause and effect, but one thing seems quite clear, which is that the mind is irresistibly impelled to accept some such relationship. And starting from that point, we are led by a logic which is inexorable to the conclusion that there must have been a First Cause, in which originated all things else, itself being necessarily self-existent.

It is essentially necessary in dealing with this question to distinguish the difference between well-established scientific facts, and the speculations in which scientific men indulge with regard to the interpretation of such facts. The number and extravagance of the speculations to-day is, perhaps, greater than at any other time in the past history of mankind. The unbearable dogmatism and arrogant presumption of some of the men who in modern times pride themselves on being the champions of science would be amusing, where the results not so mischievous to society at large. It is not sufficient on the part of these men to attempt to undermine the faith of ages, and to destroy the hopes and aspirations of the entire civilized world, but they arrogate to themselves an infallibility equal to that claimed by the Pope of Rome, and treat all people as deficient in brains who have the temerity to dispute their visionary speculations. The old landmarks of religious thought seem in danger of being swept completely away by the overwhelming flood of scientific speculation which is deluging our age. And what is particularly worthy of notice in connection with this matter is the circumstance that the speculations that are put forth generally refer to some branch of science altogether foreign to the studies of the man by whom they are enunciated.

The great problem of the origin of the universe, science cannot solve, and the mystery of the human mind, with its wondrous faculties, she has no means of bringing to light. The mind has laws of its own, and must be judged of by looking into one's inner self, and not by the investigation of external nature. Test-

tubes and scalpels, and all the appliances of physical science are powerless to analyze mind.

The aspirations of all races of men, in all ages, point to the supernatural. The hopes and fears and longings of humanity are ever directed towards the existence of God, the dependence of all material things upon Him, and to the immortality of the soul. Conscience exists, in some form or other, in all races, and a moral law seems to be written in the heart of every man, under whatever circumstances he may be found to be existing. Tennyson, in the following lines, refers to the belief which he thinks is dimly—but which I think is clearly—set forth in these powers

> "Thou wilt not leave us in the dust,
> Thou madest man, he knows not why;
> He thinks he was not made to die,
> And Thou hast made him; Thou art just.
>
> "We have but faith; we cannot know;
> For knowledge is of things we see;
> And yet we trust it comes from Thee;
> A beam in darkness let it grow."

On no point, perhaps, shall we discover more clearly the want of something besides science than in the methods of scientific men in dealing with the moral and religious faculties. Professor Huxley remarks, correctly enough, that "We live in a world that is full of misery and ignorance, and the plain duty of each and all of us is to try to make the little corner he can influence, somewhat less miserable, and somewhat less ignorant than it was before he entered it." The truth of this few men will be inclined to dispute, and here, therefore, is a point upon which the scientific man and the religious man are thoroughly agreed. Ignorance and misery and vice and sin abound on every hand. It is the duty of each person to remedy this state of things as far as he possibly can in the limited period allotted to his existence, and thus to leave the world, when his career is run, somewhat better than he found it. So far we are all agreed; but now how is this grand result to be accomplished? Let us hear Professor Huxley. He says: "To do this effectually it is necessary to be fully persuaded of only two beliefs—the first, that the order of nature is ascertainable by our faculties to an extent which is practically unlimited, and the second that our volition counts for something

as a condition of the course of events." We read this again, rub our eyes and wonder whether we are wide awake. Was ever such a remedy for ignorance, misery, and woe propounded since the world began? Suppose I walk into one of the lowest neighbourhoods to be found in this city, where squalor and wretchedness and vice abound on every hand. Children are being dragged up in ignorance not only of the rudiments of ordinary education, but of the principles of right and wrong, whilst the examples that they have constantly before their eyes are such as to lead them to crime, and to give them a love for vice from the time that they are first capable of taking in any ideas from their surroundings. Well, I get hold of one of the worst and most degraded of the ruffians that presents himself, and in order to improve his morals, I proceed to inform him, first, "that the order of nature is ascertainable to our senses to an extent that is practically unlimited," and while he is staring at me in blank bewilderment, wondering whether I have escaped from some lunatic asylum, I go on to enlighten him by stating, "that our volition counts for something as a condition of the course of events." Judge of the prospect of a reformation being effected by such means! Whatever the man's volition might have counted for in bringing him into the condition in which I have found him, mine, I think, would have counted for very little in going to him with so preposterous a story. Does Professor Huxley really seriously mean that these two vague beliefs can have any possible effect upon men's moral conduct? If so, it is exceedingly difficult to understand either the tone of his mind, or the process of ratiocination by which he can have arrived at so unaccountable a conclusion.

It will, probably, be expected of me that I shall in this discourse say something respecting the conflict between science and theology. In the past, theology put forth many dogmas which were alike unscientific and unscriptural, and the truth of these she proclaimed with a "Thus saith the Lord," and she has not hesitated to hurl her anathemas at the heads of all those who question her infallibility. Herein she was, of course, wrong, and as a consequence of such error, became humbled in her conflict with science by having to concede point after point to her antagonist. But this in no sense affects religion, nor the truth of the book in which these erroneous dogmas were supposed to

be found. For clearer light, further information, and more accurate criticism have shown that it was not the Record, but the human interpretation of the Record that was at fault.

Of religion itself it may be said that it is found everywhere, wherever human pulses beat. "The religious instinct," remarks the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, "in man is universal. Some individuals, and some races, possess more of it, and others less, but the history of mankind shows that religion in some form is one of the most indestructible elements of human nature." Religion is the most potent power that has ever moved and governed people. It has influenced mankind, perhaps, to a larger extent than all other feelings put together. Men will sacrifice everything else on earth in defence of their religious beliefs, which shows how deep a root this same religion has in the human heart. Every nation that has left its mark on the progress of the world has been dominated by a powerful religious influence. Progress itself is due largely to this cause, and but for religion had probably never existed. A really serious conflict between religion and science, supposing it possible, depend upon it would end to the disadvantage of science, because the principles of religion are so deeply implanted in the human heart that it is utterly impossible to uproot them, or even smother them, for any great length of time. But no such conflict need occur. Science has a great and glorious mission before her; let her keep to her own domain, and she will be the means of enlightening mankind, and of shedding a blessing on the world.

Religion has its mission, grander, more sublime, and more glorious than that of science, because bound up with the eternal destiny of man, and her function must not be interfered with. She claims dominion over the soul, and holds the keys of life and immortality. To her belongs the spiritual domain, and conscience and morality must take their form from her dictates. Conscience is of itself evidence of the truth of religion, and the words *ought* and *ought not*, to be found in every language, clearly prove that man is a responsible being. His relationship to God is important beyond all things else, and to know what is his duty here, and how best to do it, higher than all the learning of the ages. The religious portion of man's nature no science can satisfy. It demands to be fed with heavenly food, and it must have this or starve. The gospel of law, which forms so con-

spicuous a feature in modern philosphy, is a poor and miserable substitute for the Gospel of Christ, and is of itself powerless to cleanse the heart or save the soul. This utilitarian gospel teaching prudence but ignoring Providence, would blot faith, hope, and love, out of life, and reduce men to mere calculating machines, weighing actions by a nicely adjusted balance, and estimating clearly what was moral by a rule-of-three sum. Intellect divorced from faith will wither and die, and human life without hope ends in despair. Deprived of the source of a Divine love which cares for, and watches over mankind, our race is doomed to a state of inanition, and is virtually worse than dead, for trust in God is the secret spring of all noble sentiments, all heroic deeds, and all grand results. The law of God must govern the soul, and direct it how to work out its eternal destiny. No science can point out the road that leads to the everlasting home, nor render the slightest help in reaching the many mansions prepared by the Lord for those who do His will. The religion of Christ and it alone, can enable us to look through the gloom that envelops this world of cares and troubles to the bright region in the bosom of our God, where sorrow comes not, pain is unknown, and sin and suffering have no place.

"The things that are seen are temporal," and these we leave science to deal with according to her own methods; but there are other things which are not seen, but which are yet of a far more substantial character, and these belong to the domain of religion, and can properly be realized only in the light which shines from the throne of God through the pages of Revelation. Science may teach us much that we require to know respecting our material condition, and may supply amply our physical wants, but the spiritual food upon which alone the higher part of our nature can feed is only to be obtained through Him who said "I am the way, the truth, and the life." In conclusion, I can only say in the words of one of our charming poets—

"I trust I have not wasted breath;
I think we are not wholly brain,
Magnetic mockeries; not in vain,
Like Paul with beasts, I fought with death.
Not only cunning casts of clay;
Let science prove we are, and then
What matters science unto men—
At least to me; I would not stay."

SKIPPER GEORGE NETMAN, OF CAPLIN BIGHT;

A STORY OF OUT-POST METHODISM IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY THE REV. GEORGE J. BOND, A.B.

CHAPTER I.—FROM DEATH UNTO LIFE.

> The ice was here, the ice was there,
> The ice was all around;
> It cracked and growled, and roared and howled
> Like voices in a swound.
>
> —*Ancient Mariner.*
>
> Alone, alone, all, all alone;
> Alone, on a wide, wide sea.
>
> —*Ibid.*

"A FINE night for the sealers, Skipper George."

"Ay, sir, it is a fine night, sure enough; and we'll have the wind a little more off before morning, I'm thinking, and that'll be all the better for 'em, too."

It was indeed a glorious night. Overhead the stars shone and sparkled through the clear, frosty air, paling towards the east, under the brilliancy of the full moon, which, already high in the heavens, threw its soft light over all the landscape. There was little wind, just an occasional soft breeze, which lifted the light snow from the hillsides and sent it eddying, as if in play, along their slopes. From where the speakers stood, the scene was picturesque, indeed. Below them, in the valley, nestled the quiet fishing village, its white houses and snowy roofs gleaming in the moonlight; around it swept an amphitheatre of hills, while out to seaward, far as the eye could reach, tossed the unresting waters of the bay, rippling in myriad silvery wavelets, as the moonbeams fell upon them. Over all brooded the quiet of the night, unbroken save by the baying of a dog in the village below, or the rustle of the snow-gusts along the icy reaches of the hills. Ethereal indeed is our snowy northern landscape, a fairy land, unreal, unearthly in its glowing splendour, when the moon sails queenly through the cloudless winter sky.

For some moments the two stood gazing in silence out over the sea, and then the one who had been addressed as Skipper George

turned to his companion and said, "I often come up here on moonlight nights, sir, especially at this time o' the year. It reminds me of a night twenty years agone, and a wonderful night in my life, sure enough. Maybe you'd like to hear the story, sir."

"I should, indeed," said the other; "I should like it very much."

"Well, sir, to begin at the beginning, I must tell you that in those days, I was a wild slip of a young fellow, delighting in all kinds of fun and frolic; a regular ringleader in all the mischief carried on in the harbour. There was a sight of drinking in those times, but I was pretty steady as regards the liquor, though at weddings and such like I could take a stiff horn or two. I was utterly careless and reckless, though, in other ways, good-natured enough when unprovoked, but as good as the next man when my blood was up. I ran into danger for the very excitement of it, and was never happier than when I was in some mad scrape or other. I bore the name of being the greatest runner in the harbour, and the most venturesome in a boat. Many's the time I went out fishing when it wasn't fit for any boat to face the weather, and my poor mother would be in terror often about me, for this is a very squally place when the wind is any way off-shore. Of course, like all the young gaffers of that time, I was a keen seal-hunter. Not a winter passed but I was at the ice, and being well known for a willing and active chap, I never had any trouble in getting a berth. Them were the days before the steamers were used, sir, and every harbour of any size had vessels going out. Yes, sir, many a man earned a winter's diet then that finds it hard to get one now, for I suppose twenty men got a chance of a berth then where one gets it now, since the steamers have done away nearly with sailing vessels at the ice. Why, I mind, sir, when there were as many sailing craft going sealing out of one of the large harbours as now go from the whole island. They may say what they like about the steamers, but 'tis my opinion they're ruining the seal-fishing with their second trips, killing off the old breeding seals; and whatever a few of the merchants have made by 'em I know there was more, yes, far more, made by the poor people when sealing ships went out and berths were plenty. But I'm off my course, sir; I must go on with my story.

"Well, twenty years ago this very spring, I got a berth on a fine brig, called the *Hunter*, out of Twillingate. There were over a hundred of us, all told, and a wild, hard crowd we were, mostly. There were few of us sober the night we left harbour, and until the rum got off, there was many a row and scuffle on board, I can tell you. I don't think I was ever with a worse lot of men, and I've seen some rowdies in my time. There was one man aboard, however, that was different from the rest of us. He belonged somewhere to the south'ard, near Bonavista, I think, and was a stranger to most of us—Tom Williams was his name. We had great sport out of poor Tom, in our own way, especially at first. He didn't drink; he didn't smoke; he didn't swear; and we wondered what kind of a man he was, anyhow. He said his prayers regular before he turned in, and when he got up, and often besides, and he had his Bible with him, and read it as regular as he prayed. Well, sir, I'm ashamed to say it, but he was the only man aboard that ship that bent his knees to God, or used His name, except in oath. Many's the time, at first, I've seen a boot or a cap flung at him, as he knelt down by his bunk. But he bore it all patiently, never flinched for a moment in saying and doing what he thought right; checked us fifty times a day for swearing, though he got plenty of abuse for his pains; and was as cheerful and ready to do a good turn as if we treated him well. I've seen him sitting on his bunk reading his Bible on a Sunday, sir, with the men playing cards and sky-larking all around him. But he gained on us, somehow, and we hadn't been many days out before we knocked off the most of our tormenting and became a little more civilized ourselves. There are many like him at the ice now-a-days, sir, but there weren't many at that time, at least not up our way. There was one thing that made us all respect him, I remember. He was a powerful man, and a match for any of us I expect; but all our jeers, and fun-making at him, never brought a spark of temper to his eye, or a cross word from his lips, though some tried again and again to get up a quarrel with him.

"One day, though, a great big bully of a fellow called Bowman, whom none of us liked, was tormenting a poor, little weakly man of the crew—I forget the name—and at last the little man gave him a saucy answer. Bowman struck him and the other struck back, and there was a scuffle,—a very short one, though,

for in a minute the little chap was on his back on the deck. But the bully, not content with knocking him down, fairly, began kicking him after he was down. Tom Williams came up the hatch at that moment, and just as the big brute raised his foot to give the fallen man a vicious kick, Tom ran towards him, and catching him by the collar, shook him, like I've seen a dog shake a rat, his eyes fairly flashing. Bowman, who was really as cowardly as he was big, jerked himself clear of Tom's grip, and sneaked away, the whole crowd laughing at him; while Tom went to his work as unmoved as if nothing had happened. There were no boots flung at him after that, sir; we felt he was a man, and respected his religion, though we had little or none ourselves.

"It was a poor time for the sealers that spring. We got out of harbour all right; but we hadn't been long out when the wind chopped round to the north-east and blew a perfect gale, jamming the ice right in on the land. I ought to tell you, sir, perhaps, that the best time for sealers is when there is just enough outwinds to keep the ice together, but not driving it together too tight for the vessels to get through it. Well, it was a poor spring, as I said, for that; it blew so hard and so constantly, from the north and north-east, that the ice was well to the south'ard, and the northern bays were all jammed up full. We were more fortunate than many, though, for we were far enough out before the gale came on to get well on the outside of the edge of the ice; and, though caught for a while, as soon as the wind came off, we got clear. We crept along slowly for several days, picking up a scattered seal here and there, but not many. You see the ice was so packed together that we couldn't get through it, and had just to keep on the outer edge. The captain was in a great state of anger and anxiety, for the *Hunter* was a new ship, and it was his first voyage in her; and to come home with a clean hold is a hard thing to look forward to in any case, but particularly at such a time. It was getting well on in the season, too, and that made it all the worse for us. At length, one Saturday—I mind it well—we had got a little further in than usual, and were heading through a lake of water, with a light breeze behind us, blowing as it is now—just a capful—when some of the men who had been sent out over the ice ahead, came up with heavy tows of seals—in prime order they were, too—and

told us there were plenty, millions of 'em they said, just two or three miles ahead, and a clear lead of water all the way. In ten minutes there was hardly a man left aboard—just enough, then, to work the ship; every other was after the seals, hot-foot. We hauled over five hundred to the ship that evening, and left a couple of hundred more, panned, which we hadn't time to take with us. It was Saturday night, as I said, and late in the day when we struck the seals, and that was good work for the time we were at it.

"Next morning, as soon as it was day, the order was given, 'All hands on the ice,' and we scrambled up. The ship had by this time got right in among 'em; and it was a wonderful sight we saw when we went on deck. There they were all around us, as far as you could see, thousands upon thousands of 'em—and in prime order, too—the ice fairly black with 'em, and you could hear 'em crying, for all the world like young children. I never saw such a sight again but once, and I've been now going to the ice for twenty-five years, off and on.

"'Now, boys,' says the captain, 'there's your chance. You have 'em all to yourselves; and if you work as hard as you did yesterday, you'll do a good day's work. The better the day the better the deed, you know. Off you go now.'

"No second word was needed. The men were over the side, and on the ice, almost before the order was given. I went down to get my knife out of my bunk, and I passed Tom Williams just going on deck as I went down. I noticed he had no preparation made for going on the ice, and the captain noticed it, too.

"'Hello, Williams,' he says, 'not on the ice yet. Why, you were one of the smartest yesterday; not sick, are you?'

"'No, sir,' says Tom, 'I'm not sick, but I'm not going on the ice to-day. 'Tis Sunday.'

"'Sunday, you hypocrite,' roars the captain; 'we have no Sundays at the ice. Over that rail, and do your duty. I'm master of this ship.'

"'I cannot go, sir.'

"'I say you shall go, you Methodist hound. Obey orders at once, or I'll make you.'

"'Captain Barnes,' says Tom, quite steady and slow, 'you didn't have to threaten me yesterday, as you know; and you

won't have to threaten me to-morrow. But to-day my Master tells me to keep His day holy, and I must obey Him rather than you.'

"For a moment I thought the captain was going to strike him; he raised his fist, and his face was full of rage. Tom never moved, only looked steadily at him, and he dropped his hand and went aft without another word, while Tom went quietly below.

"Well, sir, the rest of us worked all day, and we were pretty tired when night came. Bright and early next morning we were off again. Tom Williams and myself were the first two on the ice, and, as it happened, we were together most of the day. How that man worked! Fresher than any of us, from his Sunday's rest, he seemed determined to show that it wasn't laziness, anyhow, that had kept him aboard the day before. I'm certain he did most as much that day as any two of the crew, and we all worked hard, for the sky was thickening up and looking ugly to the south'ard, and we knew a stiff breeze from that point would soon scatter the ice, and we'd loose our chance. Well, just after dinner time, it began to get pretty thick and overcast, with every now and then a smart snow-drive; and the captain told the men to keep together as much as they could, and not go too far from the ship. It happened that I had killed and sculped several seals in the morning, a good distance away from the vessel, and I said to myself, 'I'm not coming aboard without them seals, blow high or low.' So off I went, found my seals, laced up as heavy a tow of 'em as I thought I could haul, and started for the ship. When I came to face the wind, I found how it had freshened while I was going with it. I hadn't minded it when it was in my back, but going against it was another matter. The snow-drives, too, had made the ice sticky, and the hauling was very heavy and dead. However, I pressed on, for I knew my course well enough, till, all at once, I came to an open channel of water, just narrow enough to get across. The ice was separating! I remember now the fright it gave me, as I thought of the distance I had to go, but I held on to my tow of seals, and pressed ahead. The wind was dead against me and I was pretty well tired and leary, as we say, but it was life or death with me. I hadn't gone far when I came to another big channel. I saw at once it was too wide for me to cross, do my

best. What was I to do? I dropped my hauling rope, and ran along the edge, a good bit, to see if I could find a narrow place, but no, it got wider and wider in that direction. Back I came again on my tracks to try the other direction, only to find it worse and worse. The full thought of my position struck me like a blow. I was lost. Between me and the ship was that wide channel, and, for all I knew, there were other channels even if could cross this one. But that itself was impossible. It was frightful. Darkness was coming on, the wind had freshened to a gale, and the big snow-flakes were blinding me as I looked or tried to look to windward. The ice too was breaking up fast; all around I could hear the cracking and groaning of the big pans, as the edges ground one on another, with the swell of the sea. I was lost. There wasn't one chance in ten thousand that I should ever see land again. I should perish unseen, unhelped, alone in the storm and darkness. Reckless as I was, and thoughtless, I was horrified when I realized my awful situation.

"For some time I felt stunned-like. I couldn't believe it, couldn't feel it to be true. I thought I heard the men's voices close to me, and shouted for help again and again. I couldn't believe myself near death, and I so well and hearty and strong. And then it came over me that there was no hope for me. I thought of the rest of the crew getting back to the ship and I not missed at first, and then some one saying, 'Where's George Netman,' and one man saying, 'I've not seen him,' and another, 'I've not seen him,' and then the men being called on deck, and questioned by the captain, and guns fired so that if I was in sound of the ship I might hear them and know where she was; and then their giving up hope as night came on and the ice broke up, and saying, 'Poor fellow, he's gone,' and talking about me, and pitying me, and wondering how they'd break the news to the old people; it all came up to me, and I sobbed like a child.

"Men say, sir, that when a man is drowning all his life comes back to him like a flash; and I can well believe it, for all my life came back to me: the times when I was a young fellow, my father and mother and my home life; the scrapes I used to get into; the many times I had felt I was wrong. It was wonderful. Things that I had forgotten for years—actions, words, even thoughts—came up as fresh as if all had happened just a day ago.

I felt as if Almighty God was pointing out to me all the sins and foolishness of my life, and I saw then, as I had never seen before, what a fool I had been. I thought particularly of my poor mother, for she had prayed for me and talked to me many a time, and little I thought of it. I was a good son, in a kind of way, always treated her well, and loved her, too, for I couldn't help it; but I felt now how ill I had served her, and she so anxious for me to be a Christian. 'Ah, George,' she had often said to me, 'you'll think different some day, my child,' and I remembered her words. Now, I should never see her again, poor old soul, never see her again in this world, and in the next—well, we should be separated for ever. 'God have mercy on me,' I cried—and the only answer seemed to be the groaning of the ice-pans, the howling of the wind, and the beating of the snow-drift on my bare head as I lifted it up in my agony of prayer. Oh the hopelessness and loneliness of that moment. Still, I could not lie down and die, the love of life was keen in me yet, and to keep myself alive I must move. And so I staggered on, the wind fairly howling, and the thick snow beating against me, afraid to venture far lest I should fall into some opening, and not daring to keep still lest I should perish with cold. So the hours passed, I hardly know how; and I kept up my tramp to and fro. Suddenly I heard a sound to windward of me above the roaring of the wind—the sound of a hymn. 'Surely,' I said to myself, 'I'm getting mad; the end is coming before I thought. Still it came through the wind and snow, a tune familiar to me, and with words I'd often heard my mother singing:—

"'All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.'

"Of a sudden it flashed upon me what it was. It was Tom Williams' voice plain enough now, and I remembered that he had been with me all the morning, and now I knew that he had come back for his seals, and got lost like myself. Running in the direction of the sound, I shouted 'Tom, Tom Williams.' There was no answer, only the fierce beating of the sleety wind, and through it still the old familiar words. Again I shouted as I ran, 'Williams, Tom Williams, help; where are you?' This time

he heard me, and shouted back; and in a few more minutes we were together. He told me he had come after his seals, as I had supposed. He had noticed the bad weather coming on, but thought he would be back in time, and had been stopped like myself by the open channel. He also told me that he had been quite around the large pan of ice on which we were standing, and it was evident to him that we were close to the edge of the pack, and blowing out to sea as fast as the wind could carry us.

"'If it keeps on as it is now,' said he, 'we will be clear of the main body of ice by the morning. I think this pan will hold out for some time, as it's pretty big and solid, thereby it is only a matter of time with us, whether we drown or perish with cold or starve, I fear; but we'll keep together, anyhow, and leave it in the hands of God.'

"And so we spent that night, sir, crouching together for warmth under a hummock of ice. In the shelter, it wasn't so very cold, for the wind, as I said, was southerly, and before dawn it stopped snowing, and the wind was not so high. When daylight came we could see our position, and a terrible sight it was. The pan of ice on which we were standing was perhaps five hundred feet long, and nearly the same in breadth—that was all. Away to windward it was thick and cloudy, and we could see no sign of the main body of ice, only great pans floating, like the one we were on, at the mercy of the wind. To leeward of us was the open sea, ugly-looking enough, I can tell you, with the short lop which the wind had stirred up.

"'Well, my boy,' said Tom, 'it looks bad, doesn't it.' I'm afraid there's no chance of change of wind yet, and if it holds this way all day, we will be blown a long way to the northward, and the further we get out to sea the more I'm afraid of this pan breaking up.'

"All day long we walked about as well as we could, for between the hard work of the day before, and our terrible experience of the night, we were far gone with weakness. We were not suffering from hunger, for I had two or three seals' hearts fastened to my belt, and Tom had a couple, too. You know we sealers often eat the seal's heart raw, sir, when we are out among them and get hungry. So we fared well enough as far as food went; for the hearts, raw though they were, tasted honey-sweet to us.

"Just think of our situation, sir—drifting out to sea, hopelessly and helplessly, on that pan of ice, with the cold waters breaking up over it, all around, as if they were eager to devour us! Towards evening the wind veered a point or two, and dropped off a little, and the night came down upon us once more. It was pitch-dark, but not foggy, and the wind died quite away about midnight. I don't think we would either of us have lived through another night like the first.

"Tom was cheerful, and tried to cheer me up; but, poor fellow, I could see his strength was failing fast, and I knew that when he went, I wouldn't be long behind him. I should have said that all through the day, every now and then, he would burst out with a hymn, and then he would say:

"'George, my boy, there's only One can help you and me now; but He can, and if it is His will we shall see home yet, never fear. Let us ask Him.'

"And, then, sir, we would kneel down, and he would pray such a prayer, sir; it seemed as if he saw the Saviour close to him, and I'm not sure but he did. Many times that day, sometimes with me, sometimes away by himself, he was on his knees. How he prayed for me! He didn't seem to care whether he got to land or not, so long as I was rescued, and somehow, I felt as if it would be so.

"As we crouched together that night, he talked to me about himself, told me what a wild fellow he had been in his youth, and how he had been converted at a revival service, fifteen years before. He told me of the joy he felt in God's service, and of the love and peace experienced through all those years. And then, seeing I was touched, he urged me to give my heart to Jesus, then and there. I cried, and he cried with me, and prayed over me again and again. Just before dawn, the wind came further round from the westward, the sky cleared away a bit, and it grew colder. As the sun rose we could see nothing but open water all around us, as far as the eye could reach, with here and there a bit of field ice floating about; no sign of the main body of ice anywhere to be seen. It was a glorious day, not a cloud in the sky, and the sun bright and warm. The wind kept low, too; though as the day wore on, it got colder and colder. We finished our last raw heart about dinner time, and quenched our thirst, as we had done before, by eating the snow.

"Tom got weaker and weaker, and I felt my own strength going fast. Our only hope was that some sealing vessel might come along and see us; though it was a very poor hope, for we had nothing to make signals with, and our pan wasn't half the size it was when we got adrift first. Besides it wasn't at all likely that unless they passed us close enough to touch, that they would think of looking twice at a floating pan. I kept a good look out, however, for, as I said, it was our only chance, poor as it was. So the day passed away, poor Tom getting gradually too weak to stand, and lying for shelter behind the hummock where we had spent our nights. Not long after sunset, it was just such a night as this, he called me over to him.

"'George, boy,' said he, quiet and solemn-like, 'I shall never see another sunset; I don't think I shall see it rise. I feel I am going fast; I think I must have hurt myself in some way that Monday morning. Thank God I'm not afraid to die; I am going where there is no need of the sun, I am going to Jesus. For fifteen years He has been with me constant, and now I shall be with Him forever. Blessed be His holy name! But you, George, I have been praying that you may be spared, and I believe you will. I don't know how, but I believe you will. God has answered my prayer, I feel He has. Oh, George, promise me that you will live for God; promise me that you will come to Jesus.'

"'I will, Tom, I will,' I sobbed out, for I was completely broken down.

"'Kneel down George,' he said, and I knelt beside him. 'O blessed Lord,' I heard him murmur, in his poor, weak voice, 'Thou hast heard my prayer for his life, hear me for his eternal life, too. Help him to come to Thee, help him to come to Thee now.' And then he whispered, 'You pray, George.'

"'I don't know how, Tom,' I answered, with the tears streaming over my face.

"'O try,' he said; 'He will help you, He will hear you; try.'

"And I prayed with all my heart. I prayed that God would forgive me, and take away my sins; that He would do it now. I was in an agony; my sins seemed greater than I could bear, and I cried to God from the depths of a wounded spirit. And He heard me. He heard and answered me then and there. I rose to my feet rejoicing, for I felt I was forgiven. It was bright moonlight all around, it was sunlight in my soul.

"'Tom,' I cried, 'He has heard me, He has heard me!'

"He did not speak, but lay there with a smile on his face, and his eyes fixed on the bright, full moon.

"'Praise God with me, dear Tom,' I said again, 'for my sins are all forgiven.'

"Still he did not move; still that quiet smile and heaven-turned face. He was gone! He was praising God for me, no doubt; but it was in the land where there is no more death, and no more sea.

"Awe-stricken, but not surprised, and not afraid, I stood looking at him for a few minutes, and then turned and looked out upon the sea. It was a glorious night, and clear for miles in every direction. A large island of ice loomed up away to windward, looking in the moonlight like a ship under sail. I sighed, and, turning my head away, pondered over poor Tom's assurance that I should be rescued. It didn't seem likely, and yet he seemed sure it would be so. Perhaps it was an hour before I looked up again to where I had seen the island of ice. It was a ship after all! I started up. Was I dreaming? Was it a fancy of my poor mind, all weak with anxiety and exposure; was it a vision? It was a ship, sure enough. On she came, with the bright moonlight glistening on her sails, and her spars and rigging all shining, as it seemed to me, like silver. Why it was our own ship! It was the *Hunter*. Would she pass me close? Could I make them hear? With all my strength, I ran to the edge of the ice and shouted. Again and again I cried, but no one heard. She was within a few yards of me now, and I heard one of the watch sing out to the man at the wheel to starboard his helm or he'd be foul of a pan of ice. Still on she came, and I could recognize the men on deck, and hear them talking. Would they pass me after all?

"'*Hunter*, ahoy! help, help!' I cried; and there was a rush for the rail.

"'Help, oh, help!' I cried again, and then I heard a voice say:

"'There's a man on the pan; quick, lower a punt!'

"Another minute, and the punt was lowered and rowing towards me. As it touched the ice, I gave one more shout, and dropped down where I stood, insensible. When I came to myself, I was in the captain's cabin wrapped in blankets before the

stove, with the captain himself and two or three others rubbing my body and limbs. It was some time before I could talk much for I was badly frost-burnt, and very weak. As soon as I was able, though, I told them about poor Tom, and how he died; and there weren't many dry eyes, you may be sure, sir, as they listened to me and, I suppose, thought of the way they had served him. We brought his poor body home to the harbour, where we arrived a couple of days later, and I'm told, for I was too ill to be there, of course, that there was many a tear shed over his coffin the day they put him under the sod.

"I was a long time sick, a good many months; but, thank God, He spared me and restored me; and I've never lost, sir, through His grace and mercy, the peace and pardon He gave me that moonlight night on the lonely ice. I've tried to keep my promise to poor Tom, and to Him, which I made then, and to live for His glory and the good of my fellow-men.

"Now, sir, my story is done; and you know why I said at the beginning that I often come up here on moonlight nights like this, and look out over the sea. It seems to draw one nearer to God, and it brings home to me so closely the time when He brought me so wonderfully to Himself."

YONDER.

No shadows yonder! all light and song;
Each day I wonder, and say how long
Shall time me sunder from that dear throng?

No weeping yonder! all fled away;
While here I wander each weary day,
And sigh as I ponder my long, long stay.

No partings yonder! time and space never
Again shall sunder: hearts cannot sever;
Dearer and fonder hands clasped forever.

None wanting yonder, bought by the Lamb!
All gathered under the evergreen palm;
Loud as night's thunder ascends the glad psalm.

—*H. Bonar.*

IN MEMORIAM.

REV. S. D. RICE, D.D.; REV. JOHN CARROLL. D.D.

BY JOHN MACDONALD.

GONE to their rest
Like heroes, glory crowned,
All toil-worn, battle-scarred and browned—
Gone to their rest!
In harness fighting with the foe before,
Their day is ended and their warfare o'er—
Gone to their rest!

Gone to their rest,
Like joyous reapers bearing grain—
Fruit of the sowing in the early spring—
Knowing full well their toil would not prove vain
That autumn would the ripened treasure bring—
Gone to their rest!

Prince in Israel, both cast in noble mould,
Alike unselfish, of unsullied name,
Their failings few, nor easy to behold,
So noble always and so high their aim.

No flatterers were they, nor would flattered be,
Duty their watchword, at whatever cost;
We mourn for those whom we no more will see:
We mourn the leaders which the Church has lost.

One, Saul-like, stood amid his brethren here,
Erect in form with bright benignant eye,
Mild as a woman and yet lacking fear,
The other ready e'er to do or die.

What wondrous labour marked his latest feat?
Toiling as only those who mean to win,
And then like Moses, with the work complete,*
Suffered to view it but not enter in.

Gone to their rest
Like heroes glory crowned,
All toil-worn, battle-scarred and browned—

*The York Station Church, which he brought to completion, and died the day preceding its opening.

Gone to their rest !
In harness fighting, with the foe before,
Their day is ended and their warfare o'er—
Gone to their rest !

Gone to their rest
Like joyous reapers bearing grain—
Fruit of the sowing in the early spring—
Knowing full well their toil would not prove vain,
That autumn would the ripened treasure bring—
Gone to their rest !

—*Christian Guardian.*

Oaklands, December 28, 1884.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

Death of Rev. Dr. Rice.

The events of the last few weeks, so far as the Methodist Church in this country is concerned, have in the main been of a specially mournful character. Scarcely a month that has occurred in our entire history as a denomination is so sadly memorable as the closing month of the past year. Seldom or never have so many of the links which connect the present generation of Methodists and Methodist ministers in this Dominion with the past been severed in the same length of time. The words of the prophet, "The fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live forever!" have acquired a profounder significance with many of us than they ever had before. The death of no less than three venerable men whom most of us have known, either personally or by reputation, even from our childhood, and whom we have known only to respect and love, was announced in a single number of the official organ of the Church. The Rev. John Baxter, Rev. Dr. Carroll, and the honoured and beloved brother whose name stands at the head of this article died within a few hours of one another. Mr. Baxter passed within the veil on Friday, Dr. Carroll followed him on Saturday, and on Monday the Rev. Samuel Dwight Rice, D.D., the honoured senior General Superintendent of our Church, exchanged mortality for life.

Dr. Rice was born in the month of September, 1815, and was, therefore, at the time of his decease on the 15th of December, 1884, in his 70th year. He was an American by birth, as were both his parents, the place of his nativity being the State of Maine; but being taken in his early childhood to Woodstock in the Province of New Brunswick, where he grew up to manhood, he became patriotically and ardently attached to the institutions of the land of his adoption He received his education at Bowdoin College, Massachusetts, where he and his brother appear to have had the poet Longfellow for a time as their fellow-student. After his return from college, he engaged in commercial pursuits, to which it was his purpose to devote his life. In 1834, before he had completed his nineteenth year, by the mercy of God he got such a view of the vanity of earthly things, especially of the frivolities and gaities of what, in a worldly sense, is called a life of pleasure, as led him to deliberately renounce them all, to accept Christ and His

salvation, and to devote himself to the service of God and of His Church. It was one of the special mercies of his life that he had a clearly marked conversion, concerning the genuineness of which he seems to have never had any doubt; and the fruits of which were so apparent in the whole of his after-life as to leave no ground for reasonable doubt on the part of those who knew him. Then was his mouth filled with laughter, and his tongue with singing. He appears to have dwelt in a continuous state of ecstasy for days, working with an energy that he had never possessed before, but, as we have heard him say, laughing incessantly, on account of the pure delight which he felt in the contempla-

Rev. Samuel Dwight Rice, D.D.

tion of the marvellous change which grace had wrought in him.

In 1837 he was received on trial for the office and work of the ministry, to which he probably felt himself moved by the Holy Ghost from the time of his conversion. As to his call to this work, he had no more doubt than he had of his conversion. And the success which seems to have crowned his labours from the beginning of his ministry fully justified this confidence. Three years of his probation were spent on the Mirimachi Circuit where he performed heroic service for the Master, and had the happiness of seeing much fruit of his labours. Being of an ardent temperament, an adventurous disposition, and an indomitable will, he gloried in facing and overcoming difficulties in the presence of which men cast in a less heroic mould have quailed. And on this particular mission circuit he found ample field for the display of

these qualities. What he did and dared in these eventful years of laborious and chivalrous endeavour in the service of Christ and His Church, if the story could be accurately told, would form one of the most thrilling chapters in missionary biography.

Six years subsequently spent in the city of St. John, with an intervening year at Sackville Academy, completed his term of service in connection with what has since been called the Eastern British American Conference. In 1847, on the formation of the union of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada with the Wesleyan Conference in Great Britain, in company with the Rev. Enoch Wood—the now venerable Dr. Wood—he came to Upper Canada, and connected himself with the Methodism of this part of what is now the Dominion of Canada. It would be useless to attempt, in a brief notice of this kind, to trace in detail the multifarious activities of his busy life from that time to the present. To enumerate the circuits and stations to which he was from time to time appointed, the offices to which he was elected by the suffrages of his brethren, and the various important interests which he had committed to his care and management, would give a very inadequate notion of the part which he has played during all these eventful years. No man, perhaps, who has been in the ministry of our Church during all this time, took a fuller share of the labour and responsibility connected with the transaction of the business of the Church, and the settlement of the various questions which have arisen from time to time in which its interests have been involved. Everything in which the Church was interested, interested him.

With the true instincts of a Methodist and a follower of John Wesley, he appears to have, from the beginning of his ministry, taken a lively interest in the question of education. He held that the Church is responsible for the intellectual as well as the moral and religious culture of the people who come under its influence. He believed that the only safety of Methodism, or any other branch of the Church of God, or of the people providentially committed to its charge, lay in re-uniting

> "The pair so long disjoined,
> Knowledge and vital piety,"

and therefore that, at any cost or sacrifice, we ought to provide for the education of our own youth, both male and female, under our own supervision and direction. And though he had solemnly consecrated his talents and life to the evangelistic and pastoral work of the Church, and probably delighted more in the work of preaching the gospel to sinners and ministering to the edification of believers than in any other employment, he did not deem it at all inconsistent with his character and calling as a minister of Christ, to devote himself specifically, during not a few of the best years of his ministerial life, to the work of higher education. He took a profound and unselfish interest in Victoria University, and in its darkest days he did what he could to help it. Four years of self-sacrificing labour was devoted to it by him at a time when he might have been filling some of the most important stations in the country. He was really the father of the Wesleyan Ladies' College, Hamilton; and to it he gave fifteen years of his life. The disease which terminated his earthly existence was probably brought on by over-exertion in the interest of the Educational Fund of the Church, and the last speech which he ever attempted to make in a Conference—that which was delivered in the Toronto Conference last June, when the shadow of the sepulchre was upon him—was a plea for the worn-out preachers of the Church, and for its educational interests. May his mantle, in this respect, fall upon others.

There was no office in the gift of the Church, with the exception of President of the University, Book-Steward, Editor, and Missionary Secretary, that he has not filled. From the position of Superintendent of a circuit he arose, through all the

intervening grades of office, to that of General Superintendent. He repeatedly filled the office of Chairman of the District within the bounds of which his field of labour lay. In 1873 and 1874 he was President of the Conference, as it existed prior to the union of the latter of these years. In 1882 he was elected President of the General Conference and appointed to travel at large through the entire Church. He presided at the adjourned General Conference in Belleville prior to the consummation of the union in 1883. The United General Conference elected him to the office of senior General Superintendent. And having reached this point, it appears that his career was ended. There was nothing higher for him but heaven; and the Master called His honoured and faithful servant home.

What more shall we say of this eminent servant of the Lord Jesus Christ and His Church? He was descended, both on his father's and his mother's side, from the New England Puritans, and he appears to have inherited in an eminent degree the very best qualities of that remarkable race. If they were ever as gloomy and ascetic as some people would have us believe they were, surely these unamiable qualities never descended to Samuel Dwight Rice. There was neither gall nor acid in his nature. Conscience, however, was with him an imperial power which reigned by Divine right, and from whose decisions there was absolutely no appeal. He might err in judgment, he no doubt often did, but he was always true to his convictions of what was right. He was a conscientious, God-fearing, pious man. There is good reason to believe that the prevailing habit of his soul was one of entire consecration and perfect trust in the Lord Jesus Christ. He was eminently a man of faith. He looked upon nothing as being too great or too difficult to be done or dared if it lay in the line of duty. Lofty courage was no doubt a natural endowment with him. His mother was a Putman, cousin to the distinguished General by that name; and there can be little doubt that if Samuel D. Rice had devoted himself to the profession of arms, he would have achieved equal, if not greater distinction than his mother's illustrious kinsman. His courage and concentrated energy in moments of emergency, his dash and daring, would have made him another Stonewall Jackson. But all these qualities in his case were baptized at the font of Christianity, and refined and purified by the fire of Divine love. He had his frailties, perhaps his faults, but the prevailing impression which we get from the review of his whole life is, that he was a great and good man. And many of those who differed from him most in respect to particular questions in the past, cherish for him the profoundest respect, and are among the most sincere mourners on account of his death.

The Rev. John Carroll, D.D.

Of this eminent and devoted minister, comparing him with the Rev. Dr. Rice, the Rev. Dr. John A. Williams said, in the course of an address delivered by him at the Memorial Service, held in the Metropolitan Church:—"Dr. John Carroll was alike eminent in his degree. He was born on an island in the Bay of Fundy. He and his twin brother were the youngest of twelve children. He passed the earlier years of his life in Toronto, and from 1818 was more or less under Methodist influence. He was for some time in the employment of the late Jesse Ketchum. The religious associations into which he was thrown, and the services he attended, gave to his mind a religious tone. In 1824 he resolved on a Christian life, attended class-meeting, and was received on trial for membership by the late Rev. John Ryerson, in August of that year. It was under the ministry of the late Rev. Rowley Heyland he was enabled to rest in Christ for pardon. Soon after his conversion he was licensed as an exhorter; and about June 1828, he went into the itinerant work as a supply. At that time the itinerancy was a tremendous fact, and ere Methodism had outlived its disparagement, but the slender youth

accepted it with all its sufferings and hardships — and they were many. The energy and force of character which marked his early years continued with him to the end of his life. I first saw Dr. Carroll in the summer of 1835, at a Quarterly Meeting held in Augusta; he was then stationed in Brockville. He was then straight, with a ruddy and pleasing countenance; he was earnest and warm, and his word was with power.

"These were troublesome years in both Church and State; but he was eminently faithful, industrious, zealous, and when the storm that threatened the peril to the Church had subsided, he continued the same unvarying course. His labors in the pastoral office and in revivals for forty years were abundant and greatly successful. His plain, clear and earnest presentation of the great truths of the Gospel, and especially of the plan of redemption, told with amazing effect upon his hearers. In camp-meetings of the olden time few were more popular or wielded so much power. I do not undertake to measure the relative influence of men in different departments of labor; but our dear brother, whose departure has taken from us one of the standard-bearers of the past, was a many-sided man. Marked by an undivided purpose and a single eye, he was equally at home in pastoral as in teaching work—in the apologetic, and in the work of an evangelist. He could set himself for the defence of the Gospel, and with equal facility open to the sinner's gaze the glories of the cross.

"He was greatly beloved and honoured by his brethren and by the Church at large. No man will be more missed than he. He occupied most of the prominent pulpits of the Connexion, such as Ottawa, Kingston, Belleville, Toronto East, Hamilton, London, Guelph, St. Catharines, and was Chairman of a district from 1841 till 1868, a period of twenty-seven years, continuously—a period longer than has fallen to any other man except Elder Case. He was co-delegate in 1863. In all these positions he was the faithful servant of the Church. He lived to see great changes in the social, intellectual and religious condition of this country. And if it is true that the mightiest civilizing agencies are persons, and the mightiest civilizing persons are Christian men, then how much does our country owe to men who, like John Carroll, possessed of the truth as it is in Jesus, who believe in a Saviour, and who love their kind, go forth to tell it to all around till the wilderness blossoms as the rose, and the deserts become as the garden of the Lord. He lived to see the Church of his affections and his prayers stand out in its completeness—the days of disparagement, of contempt, of bitterness and contention pass away; and to this no one contributed more than he in his degree. When he entered the work there were 8,061 members and thirty-eight ministers; he lived to see a united Methodism with upwards of 160,000 members and 1,100 ministers, and in this he rejoiced. To him it was a rejoicing thing to live and preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

"Of the ministerial vocation he had a high estimate. His sermons never betrayed loose and careless preparation; he was loyal to the truth. He was spiritual, he spoke as one who had evidently a deep experience of the things of God. Hence his words were uttered with an earnestness and pathos that were sometimes irresistible. He was Methodistic; his speech and his preaching bore the peculiar stamp of our own denomination. During the years of his superannuation he instructed and edified the Church and enriched its literature by many volumes of reminiscences, and by almost weekly contributions to the *Christian Guardian*. He seemed never to grow old, but to live abreast of the age in thought and feeling. With a heart full of sympathy with every good work and a deeply consecrated purpose he pursued his work till the last. His death was unexpected; he was taken ill at a service on Tuesday evening the 9th ult., conveyed home, spoke but little, and gently slept away to the life that is eternal on Saturday the 13th, in the seventy-sixth year of

his age, and the fifty-seventh of his ministry. In the language of another, Canadian Methodism has produced no man who combined in a higher degree consecrated earnestness, purity and integrity of purpose and genial kindness of heart than John Carroll."

In this estimate of his character, those who have known him most intimately will heartily concur. He was, no doubt, a man of far more than ordinary ability ; but the real secret of his power, and of the eminence to which he attained, lay in the fact that he lived a thoroughly consecrated life. The foundation was laid in a sound scriptural conversion, in respect to the reality of which there was no ground for doubt. He became from the first conscientiously regular in his attendance upon the means of grace. No sooner had he attained to a satisfactory assurance of conversion than he began to seek the further grace of

> "A heart in every thought renewed
> And full of love divine ;"

and shortly afterward, as he tells us, obtained the witness "that the Lord had cleansed his inmost soul." He was eminently a man of prayer. He delighted in it ; and what was said of Bishop Asbury was true of him—"he prayed and prayed until the wonder was what he could find to pray about." He early formed the habit, too, of extensive, careful and consecutive reading of good authors ; and though, as he had opportunity, he meddled with all knowledge, he gave due prominence in his reading to that class of literature which tends directly to promote the knowledge and love of God. Even the study of theology and those other professional studies which it became his duty to pursue in order to prepare him for the exposition and defence of the truth, were not permitted to engross his time and attention to the neglect of works of a more practical, experimental, and devotional character, such as were calculated to enrich his own religious experience and improve his Christian life. And in addition to all the rest, he was a man of extraordinary industry, never idle, and seldom, if ever, uselessly employed. And this habit followed him literally to the close of life. He ceased at once to work and live.

Rev. John Baxter.

The Rev. John Baxter, though only two or three years the senior of Dr. Carroll, having been laid aside for many years from the regular work of the ministry, belonged rather to the past than the present. He entered the ministry in 1831, and for twenty-one years sustained the character of a consistent, devoted, and useful minister. As the result of malarial disease, contracted while labouring in the neighbourhood of the Grand River, he was, however, compelled to accept a superannuated relation as early as 1851. Since that time he has lived on his farm in the township of Bertie. But though he has not been in the regular pastoral work during these years, he has contributed in various ways, as he has had opportunity, to the promotion of the cause of religion and the interests of his Church. He was, above all, a man of piety and consistent life. Until broken by disease, he had a commanding presence, and a beautiful countenance. His manners were those of a Christian gentleman. His conversation was such as becometh the Gospel ; and his speech "good to the use of edifying," ministering "grace to the hearers." Notwithstanding the physical infirmity which forced him into retirement early in life, he attained to a good old age, being at the time of his decease, as we learn from the *Christian Guardian*, in his seventy-eighth year.

The New General Superintendent.

The Executive Committee of the General Conference has been specially fortunate in the selection of a successor to the late lamented Dr. Rice as General Superintendent. No one could have been chosen whose elevation to that high office would have given more general satisfaction than Rev. John A. Williams, D.D. He has for many years enjoyed, in

an eminent degree, the respect, the confidence, and the affection of his brethren, and they will all rejoice that he has reached the highest office in the gift of the Church, to which he has fairly won his way.

Dr. Williams, who is a Welshman by birth, was born in 1817. He came to Canada at the age of sixteen, and found a home in the town of Prescott, where the early years of his Canadian life were spent. In 1836 he was converted, under the ministry of the late Rev. William H. Williams. Ten years afterward he entered the ministry, and was ordained at the Brockville Conference in 1850. In 1859 he was elected Chairman of the Owen Sound District, and such was the fitness which from the first he evinced for that office, that he has generally been the Chairman of the districts in which his pastoral charges have been situated from that time to the present. When the London Conference was organized in 1874, he was appointed its first President, in which office he was continued a second term. He, in association with John Macdonald, Esq., was representative to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States in 1876. In 1878 the degree of D.D. was conferred upon him by Victoria University, as a fitting recognition of his character and attainments. At the General Conference of 1882 he was elected Vice-President of that body. And at the United General Conference of 1883, in which the negotiations for the unification of the Methodism of this country, which had been going on for some time, reached their consummation, on nomination of Dr. Carman, he was unanimously elected President, the duties of which delicate and difficult position he discharged with so much ability and impartiality as to secure for him the admiration of all who were present.

The last service which Dr. Williams rendered his Church, prior to his elevation to the General Superintendency, was to represent it, in association with Rev. Dr. Gardiner, at the Centennial Conference of American Methodism, which met on the 9th December last, in the city of Baltimore, before which he read an able and every way admirable paper on "The Rise and Progress of Methodism in Canada." The impression which he made upon the members of that august body, composed of the representative men of the largest Protestant denomination in the United States, and the largest branch of what is now the largest Protestant body of Christians in the English-speaking world, may be inferred from the observation made by one of its members to one of Dr. Williams' Canadian brethren, who happened to be present—"there is material for a bishop in that man."

The new General Superintendent brings to the office a mature and cultivated mind; an accurate and thorough knowledge of the laws and institutions of the Church; large experience as an administrative officer; a spirit and habit of fearless independence in the discharge of duty; and above all—as becomes one of the chief officers of the Church—a thoroughly consecrated heart. Dr. Williams is a man of positive character, loyal to the Church, and devoted to God; and should his life and health be spared, he may be confidently expected to discharge, with ability and usefulness, the duties of that sphere upon which he has just entered.

University Federation.

A scheme for the federation of the various colleges of the province has, with the approval of the Minister of Education, been submitted to the governing bodies of these colleges. The main features of the plan, as summarized by the *Christian Guardian*, are these: "University College and all the Denominational Colleges shall be grouped around one central University. Each college shall have the full government of its own students. Part of the subjects of the full University course shall be taught in the colleges, and part by a staff of University professors to whose lectures students of all the colleges

shall have free access. The University course of study shall include Biblical Greek, Biblical Literature, Christian Ethics, Apologetics, and Church History. University College and the University professoriate shall be sustained from the public funds set apart for University Education; the Church colleges shall be supported by private liberality. All the colleges shall be represented on the Senate, which shall be the governing body of the University. The Senate of the University shall have the right to enquire into the conduct and teaching of every professor in the University faculty and recommend to the Government such action as may be deemed expedient. The confederating colleges are to hold their degree-conferring power in abeyance during the continuance of this federation except degrees in divinity."

To this proposal the Board of Regents of Victoria University have made the following response :—

Inasmuch as a proposal is made to the Board of Regents, with the sanction of the Minister of Education of the Province of Ontario, to form a federation of colleges in one Provincial University; and inasmuch as the Methodist people of the country, in all branches of our Methodism, have always declared themselves willing to accept and maintain a system of University education that would secure, on the one hand, the higher culture in sciences and arts, under proper religious influences and safeguards, and, on the other hand, equality in privileges, advantages, and academic standing of the youth of the country; and inasmuch as the general principle of federation embodied in the present memorandum, forwarded to the Board under the approbation of the Minister of Education, is in harmony with the principles we have so long cherished, we express our readiness as a Board, on educational and patriotic grounds, to join in such a federation and to move the proper authorities of our Church thereto as they may determine, provided the following conditions are made :—

1. Equitable compensation to all colleges united in the federation for the losses incident to their entering the federation.

2. The perfect equality of all colleges, University College included, in their relations to and rights in the Provincial University.

3. Such an arrangement as shall secure to the alumni of all the colleges an equitable representation in perpetuity.

4. That the chairman of the University Professoriate be appointed by the Government.

5. That the transfer of subjects from the University College course under the University Professoriate or *vice versa*, shall be made only by a three-fourth majority of the Senate.

This preamble and series of resolutions, it is understood, were adopted with virtual unanimity by the Board, after very full discussion, and may therefore be supposed to contain the ultimatum of that body. Until the projectors of the scheme have been heard from further discussion would be out of place.

Chautauqua in the South.

One of the most remarkable characteristics of the Chautauqua idea is its rapid development throughout the United States and Canada. One of the latest examples of this is the new Chautauqua Assembly at Lake de Funiak, Florida. It bids fair to rival in the attractiveness of its programme the original Assembly at Lake Chautauqua, N.Y. To its literary and musical attractions are added those of bright, spring out-of-door life in the Land of Flowers. The active co-operation of Dr. Vincent has been secured which goes far to guarantee its success. It opens early in February and continues for about a month. A visit to this charming Southern resort can readily be combined with one to the New Orleans World's Fair, as most of the railways give *coupon* stop-over privileges if asked for. The best route to either place from Central Ontario is by way of the Credit Valley and Michigan Central Railways to Toledo, thence by Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton, and Louisville and

Nashville Railways. The price of return ticket from Toronto to New Orleans, good for forty days, by this route, is $31.85, or considerably less than one cent per mile. To Lake de Funiak the cost is slightly more. For particulars write to C. C. Banfill, Esq., Lake de Funiak, Florida.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

The Editor regrets that through a serious attack of illness he has been unable, for the first time in over ten years, to write scarcely a line for the MAGAZINE, or Sunday-school periodicals. He rejoices, however, through the kind services of the Rev. W. S. Blackstock, that lack will be, till his recovery, amply made up. The Editor rejoices to hear that the subscriptions are coming in at a very gratifying rate. His best tonic during his convalescence will be to learn of a large increase in the circulation of those periodicals.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

A curious incident has occurred in South Africa. Chief Umgikela has peculiar views of the Itinerancy. The missionary to his tribe was moved to another station; to this the chief did not offer any objection, but he requested time to consider whether he would receive the successor appointed by the Conference.

A missionary in Western Africa has a class of 15 young men, all the sons of native chiefs, whom he is instructing in religious and secular knowledge. For two years he has also clothed them without any assistance from the Missionary Society.

The missionaries in China have been greatly hindered in their work by the French invasion; considerable mission property has been destroyed, and the lives of the missionaries and their families have been imperilled.

There is a great scarcity of missionary students. Recently one was taken from Richmond College to supply a vacancy in Spain, and there were then only 12 students remaining in their second year of training, and none in the third. From 20 to 25 men are needed to supply the yearly vacancies in the mission field. The Missionary Committee has sent forth an appeal, calling for more men.

The Memorial Church erected at Ballingraine, Ireland, in memory of Philip Embury and Barbara Heck, natives of that place who introduced Methodism into New York in 1766, having become seriously impaired, has been renovated at a cost of $1,000.

The Conference evangelists continue to prosecute their noble work with great success in various parts of the Connexion.

A fortnight's mission has been held at Brixton Hill, London, under the superintendence of the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes. Bands of workers, male and female, were organized, and day after day they perambulated the streets inviting all classes to attend the services. Public-houses were visited. The services were eminently successful.

At one place where revival services were held, a rector of the Established Church visited the church. After watching awhile, he arose and said: "Friends, this is all wrong, this disturbance is unseemly, this excitement is uncalled for. When Solomon was building the temple, there was no sound of either hammer or saw, or chisel." The Wesleyan pastor replied, "That's all right, brother, but we are not building, we are only blasting."

METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

The Mayor of Manchester, Mr. Harwood, has long been connected with the Sunday-school in Salem Chapel. Recently the teachers and scholars presented him with an address of congratulation. His Worship acknowledged his indebtedness to Sunday-schools, which in his youth had started him on the course of self-improvement.

AID AND EXTENSION FUND.—For some months past a connexional effort has been made to raise the sum of $60,000, to relieve embarrassed trusts, and provide a fund for extension; the greater portion of the required amount has been obtained.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

As several churches, from a variety of causes arising out of the union, have become seriously embarrassed, not only placing the property in jeopardy, but also exposing the personal property of trustees to serious peril, the General Conference Special Committee has sent circulars to every circuit and mission in the Connexion, appealing for contributions to establish a fund for the relief of these embarrassed trusts. The name of the fund will be "THE UNION RELIEF FUND." Some generous subscriptions have already been promised, and it is hoped the entire amount required, $60,000, will be forthcoming. There should be no difficulty in raising this amount by a Church of such dimensions and comprising so much wealth as the Methodist Church. Let the thousands of our Israel, whom the great Head of the Church has entrusted with the gifts of His Providence, present a thankoffering to God for a united Methodism, and the incubus will soon be removed.

It is gratifying to learn that there are so many revivals now in progress in the various Conferences. Surely this is an omen of good.

We have read with pleasure the accounts of anniversaries in connection with several of our Sunday-schools, in which the teachers and scholars have taken a pledge to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors and tobacco. The Rev Joseph Cook, of Boston, would have a triple pledge introduced, including *profanity*. He says, "If there be any preacher who cannot administer such a pledge to any young person under his care, and recommend it by example as well as by precept, I greatly pity the young person, and yet more the preacher."

The Conferences in the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland are in great need of several young, unmarried men for the ministry. Mr. Joseph Laurence, East Keswick, near Leeds, England, has been making an appeal in the columns of the *Methodist* for volunteers. "They must be men of unquestionable piety, robust health, intellectual vigour and grasp, fair culture, good presence, and, in short, of such habits, attainments and characteristics as under God are likely to make able and successful ministers of the Gospel. Preference is given to persons from 24 to 30 years of age." Some of our Western Conferences might spare a few men to aid our brethren in the East.

We take the following from our excellent confrere the *Wesleyan*, which deserves to be better known in the West:— "Rev. J. T. Newman, from his far-away and isolated mission at Hamilton Inlet, Labrador, writes cheerfully and hopefully in his last letter. No dilettante, kid-gloved preacher is he, with his hard work and hard fare among the scattered half-breeds and white settlers on those storm-smitten shores. Just a year out from England, he has gone down there aflame with zeal for his Master, and He is with him. Completely shut off from the outside world, to hear no more from home probably until next spring, he needs the sympathy and prayer of his brethren."

Miss Spencer, daughter of the late Rev. James Spencer, has been appointed Female Missionary to Japan.

Rev. A. Sutherland, D.D., President of Toronto Conference, has been appointed to attend the next Wesleyan Conference in England, instead of the late Dr. Rice, General Superintendent, who was appointed by the last General Conference.

The Death Roll.

The shafts of death have been flying thick and fast. From across the Atlantic we hear tidings of some distinguished servants of Christ who have been called home. The first is the Rev. John Farrar, who was the son of a Methodist minister, and brother to Abraham E. Farrar, who, in his day, was a flaming seraph among the churches. Mr. Farrar was also an author of considerable ability. His Biblical and Theological Dictionary, Ecclesiastical Dictionary, Manual of Biblical Geography, have long been standards in Methodism. He was greatly beloved, and on two occasions occupied the chair of the British Conference. At the time of his death he was more than 80 years of age, having been in the ministry 62 years.

William Cooke, D.D. This eminent minister of the Methodist New Connexion died on Christmas Day. For about half a century he was a watchman on the walls of Zion. At an early period of his career he became a man of mark. He was superintendent of the Irish Missions, and during his term of office he was abundant in missionary labours, regardless of the weather or the privations which he had to endure. His labours at this time were herculean, but the blessed results were indescribable; henceforth the announcement of his name anywhere, especially in the North of England, always called out a crowd. He attained to considerable eminence as an author, and some of his works will have a permanent place in the literature of his Church. He was greatly beloved by his brethren, and was several times President of Conference. The Wesleyan University in Illinois conferred upon him the degree of D.D. For about 20 years he was editor of two magazines, and acted at the same time as Book Steward. When more than 70 years of age he still preached twice every Sabbath in London. He was 78 years of age when the Master called him up higher. His visit to Canada is pleasantly remembered by many who had the privilege of forming an acquaintance with him. He was the father-in-law of the late Robert Wilkes, Esq., of this city, and his daughter is still among us.

William Antliff, D.D. This eloquent divine was one of the best known ministers in the Primitive Methodist Connexion. He was, after being stationed in several important circuits, Connexional Editor for the full term allowed by Conference. Possessed of popular gifts, he was much in demand for anniversary occasions, which are more numerous in England than in Canada. Dr. Antliff was a diligent student and a respectable scholar. For some years his health had been declining, and during the last month of 1884 he passed to his reward. He entered the ministry in 1831, so that he was 53 years in the Itinerancy. Two sons are following him in the ministry, one of whom is our genial friend, the Rev. J. C. Antliff, B.D., M.A., Brantford, Ont.

John Carroll, D.D. Of all the Methodist ministers in Canada, probably none were better known or more beloved than Dr. Carroll. His geniality, his simplicity of character, the guilelessness of his nature, and above all, his genuine piety, endeared him to all classes. The last monument to his memory is Hope Tabernacle, of York Station, built by his instrumentality. He died the day before it was dedicated. His illness was only of a few days' duration. He could scarcely be said to have died, as his removal resembled a translation, just such a death as he had long desired, for again and again he expressed a wish that he might "cease at once to work and live." Dr. Carroll used his pen freely. Case and His Contemporaries, in five volumes, is a monument of patient toil. Precious man, how dearly we all loved him. He died December 13th, in the 76th year of his age.

Samuel Dwight Rice, D.D. Two days after the death of Dr. Carroll, the Senior General Superintendent of our Church was removed to the

land of rest. His death was not altogether unexpected, for the shadows had been resting upon him for some time; but his will was so powerful that he could always hope even when others were full of apprehensions. Abler pens than ours will portray his career; but the present writer, having known him for more than a quarter of a century, feels constrained to write a few sentences in honour of his memory.

Dr. Rice was always prominent in the transaction of the business of the Church, and took a deep interest in all Connexional affairs. In the work of education he was especially active. The Wesleyan Ladies' College, Hamilton, the first ever formed in the Dominion, owes its existence to his indomitable perseverance. He was a strong advocate for the unification of Methodism. His brethren honored and loved him. Dr. Rice was a man of blameless reputation, true to his convictions, and fearless in the discharge of duty. He knew nothing of expediency in which the sacrifice of principle was involved; all he studied was to know and do what was right. For months he had suffered excruciating pain, but in patience he possessed his soul. His life was the best testimony to the reality of his religion. He died as he lived, in the faith of the Gospel, surrounded by his family, who, with other friends, were singing to him the hymns he so much liked to hear.

John Baxter. As the remains of Dr. Carroll were being interred at St. Catharines, those of the venerable John Baxter were being committed to the grave at Welland. Mr. Baxter began his ministerial career in 1831, but for about 30 years he had been superannuated. During the last few years he was so feeble that he could not leave home. Happily for him, he had chosen the good part during the early part of his life, and now he has joined others of his fellow labourers who have passed on before.

Bishop Fuller. The Methodist Church is not the only section of the Church of Christ which mourns the death of some of its chief ministers. The Anglican Church in Canada has recently had to mourn the departure of the Right Rev. Dr. Fuller, Bishop of Niagara, whose death was somewhat sudden. The venerable Bishop was greatly beloved, not only by persons in his own communion, but also by other communities. He was genial in his disposition, affable in his manners, and was free from the bigotry and intolerance which sees good only in its own party. His ample private means enabled him to contribute freely to the calls of charity. To the funds of his own Church, and towards supporting the poor, he was especially liberal. As a writer he was not entirely unknown to this Magazine. His articles on Christian unity, and the genial spirit which they breathed, have not been forgotten.

Rev. Dr. Alexander. The name of the Rev. Dr. Alexander, of Edinburgh, has now to be added to the number of the departed. Dr. Alexander had long occupied a distinguished position in the Congregational body. In addition to his duties as pastor of a large Church, he also occupied a chair in the Theological College. He was a ripe scholar, and was one of the distinguished divines to whom the world is indebted for the Revised Edition of the New Testament.

Bishop Wiley. Another of the bishops in the Methodist Episcopal Church has fallen at his post. Bishop Wiley, after forming the mission to Japan, passed on to China, where, in much physical weakness, he held one Conference, and was about to proceed to other duties, but the Master called him up higher; and thus the devoted bishop died at his post, in the very mission field where he was one of the first missionaries, and where the remains of his beloved wife were interred when he labored there. This is the second bishop of the Church who has died abroad. The remains of Bishop Kingsley sleep in Syria, and now bishop Wiley has fallen in China. To be found ready whenever the Master shall call is the great business of life.

BOOK NOTICES.

Centennial History of American Methodism, inclusive of its ecclesiastical organization in 1784, and its subsequent development under the superintendency of Francis Asbury, with sketches of the character and history of all the preachers known to have been members of the Christmas Conference; also an appendix, showing the numerical position of the Methodist Episcopal Church as compared with other leading evangelical denominations in the cities of the United States, and the condition of the educational work of the Church. By JOHN ATKINSON, D.D. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: Wm. Briggs, Methodist Book-Room.

This title is so full, and, withal, so accurately descriptive of the work, it requires little more than the reprinting of it to introduce the volume to the readers of the CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE. Mr. Atkinson has evidently performed an important service to his Church in preparing this interesting volume, in which he has gathered together the substance of all that is known of the men and women who planted Methodism on this Continent, and who nurtured it in its infancy. He has evidently spared no pains in the collection of the materials for his history, and he has evinced no small amount of skill in using them. The style of the book is clear and vigorous, and the matter is such as all Methodists ought to be acquainted with. It deserves a wide circulation.

Mr. Atkinson has, we observe, inserted an account of the Heck family, which sets the controversy on that subject for ever at rest. There is really nothing new in it to well-informed Methodists in this country, but as it is the first time that the true version has found its way into any history in the United States, we welcome it in this place. It is from the pen of Bishop Merrill, and is as follows:

"Paul Heck and Barbara, his wife, came to this country from Ireland about 1760. Having been subjects of the British Government in the old country before and after their conversion, and having come to New York under the protection of the British flag, they were in heart loyal to God and their King, and when the Revolutionary war began, and its turbulent waves dashed about the city of their adoption they quietly retired, as did Embury and some others of the original class, and settled at Salem, in the State of New York, and formed the first society in that section. Mr. Paul Heck, the husband of Barbara, entered the British army, under Burgoyne, whether by constraint or willingly we know not, nor does it matter, as the fact is all that concerns us. At the time that General Burgoyne's army was surrendered to the Americans, Mr. Heck was at home on furlough, visiting his family, when his presence was discovered by some patriot soldiers, who arrested him, and started to convey him to General Washington's camp as a prisoner of war. On their way they stopped at night in an unoccupied farmhouse, where they wrapped themselves in their blankets and went asleep on the floor, with their prisoner between them. Mr. Heck did not sleep as soundly as did his captors, but got up in the night without disturbing them, and left the house and went into the woods. Of course he did not return to his home, and he could not rejoin his regiment, now prisoners of war, and so he made his way into Canada, which was the most natural thing for him to do under the circumstances. In the meantime, Philip Embury, who had removed from New York City with the Hecks, had died, and his widow

was married to a Mr. Lawrence, of the same Methodist society. As soon as practicable, Mr. Heck sent for his family, and his wife and children, with the Lawrences, and some others of the first Methodists, went into Canada, and settled at Augusta, where again they formed a Methodist class, so that these same persons originated Methodism in three different centres."

Bishop Merrill adds: "This statement I took from the lips of John Heck, Esq., now living in Lockport, Illinois, who is the grandson of Paul and Barbara Heck, and the only living person who was present and witnessed the death and burial of his grandmother, the veritable Christian woman who, under God, was the mother of Methodism on this Continent. The gentleman who gives this testimony, John Heck, the grandson of Paul and Barbara, is now (November, 1884) living at Lockport, Illinois. He is a well-preserved gentleman, beyond fourscore, intelligent, upright and highly esteemed. He is a communicant in the Protestant-Episcopal Church, though a warm friend of the Methodists, and is in every respect worthy of the utmost confidence. He remembers distinctly his grandmother's death, was present when she died, saw her buried, and grew to manhood in the vicinity of her grave. The proofs in his possession of the correctness of his statements are entirely satisfactory, although nothing beyond his word would be required by any one who knows him. I have had the pleasure of being a guest in his elegant home, and have been much interested in the details of the family history of his grandparents while enjoying his hospitality. Paul Heck died in Augusta, Canada, toward the close of the last century, a Methodist and Christian as long as he lived, and respected and honored in the community where he lived, died and was buried. His wife, Barbara, survived him several years, and died in 1804, and was buried by the side of her husband, and there their graves remain to this day."

The Poets of the Church; A Series of Biographical Sketches of Hymn-Writers, with Notes on their Hymns. By EDWIN HATFIELD, D.D. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Company. Toronto: Willing & Co.

There is no class of writers who have laid the Church under greater obligation to them than the men and women who have furnished its psalms and hymns and spiritual songs. The man or woman who succeeds in producing a really good hymn, which appropriately expresses the thoughts and feelings of a soul in its approaches to God, becomes, thereby, a perpetual benefactor to mankind. It is difficult to conceive any more precious legacy that Sarah Fuller Adams could have left to the Church than "Nearer, my God, to Thee;" or how Toplady could have conferred a greater boon upon it than by composing "Rock of Ages, cleft for me." The same observation is true of Charles Wesley's hymn, "Jesus, Lover of my soul;" and of that of Cowper, beginning with "There is a fountain filled with blood." These and a host of others, which will readily occur to any one who has given any serious attention to the subject, are destined to go ringing down the ages to the end of time, or at least as long as the English language is the vehicle of thought and feeling, and to carry a blessing with them wherever they are heard.

The names and memory of the men and women who have thus contributed to the edification and devotion of the Church ought not to be let perish. Whatever is known of their lives and characters ought to be interesting to those to whom their compositions have been the instrument of blessing. And, as matter of fact, it is believed, it is so. People naturally desire to know something about the authors of the hymns in which their thoughts and feelings have found expression in the most earnest and inspired moments of their lives. It is inevitable that it should be so. These brief and well-written sketches will meet a very natural desire in the

minds of thousands of pious people, while they at the same time furnish a vast amount of entertainment and material for profitable reflection. They are, as we learn from the prefatory note of the publishers, the lamented author's last contribution to Hymnology—"a subject which deeply interested him during the fifty years of his ministry." Into it he has condensed the results of the reading and research of a lifetime in a favorite field.

As to the material and mechanical execution of the book, it is only necessary to say that it is in keeping with the general character of the work which comes from Randolph & Company's Publishing House. Printed on fine white paper, in clear and beautiful type, it is a pleasure to the eye to read it. This large and beautiful volume, of over seven hundred pages, may be procured, we understand, by sending the price—$3.00—to the publishers, or to Willing & Co., of this city. In that case it will be sent free of postage.

Development of English Literature and Language. By ALFRED H. WELSH, M.A., Member of Victoria Institute, the Philosophical Society of Great Britain. Chicago: S. C. Griggs and Company. 1883.

The history of the language and literature of a people is necessarily a history of the people themselves. No one can understand the development of English literature and language without a profound study of the history of the English people. The same influences which have been at work from time to time, and those which have been continuous in their operation in forming the character and life of the people, have determined the character of their language as well as of the thought and feeling which have found expression in their literature. Both, in order to be studied intelligently, must be studied together. The composite character of our language, for example, can only be adequately explained by tracing back the English people to the several branches of the common stock of man from which it is descended. Nor are these alone sufficient to adequately explain it, unless geographical conditions, such as soil, climate, and continuity to the ocean be taken into the account—in a word, all that tends to determine the habits and pursuits of the people. And even then our understanding of the archæology of our language and literature, and of the causes which have made them what they are, will be radically defective, unless the intellectual activity of the people, especially of the educated classes, and the specific direction which it took at different periods, be taken into the account.

These facts have been fully recognized by the author of these goodly volumes, and they have determined the character and scope of the work. It is thought, by competent scholars, to be the best work of the kind which has ever been produced on this Continent. Without attempting the impossible of being exhaustive, it is comprehensive and complete for all general purposes. The attention which is given, in the closing volume, to American literature, which is very properly treated in its organic relation to English litetature, adds materially to its value.

We present our cordial and hearty congratulations to both the Editors and the Publisher of the *Christian Guardian* on its greatly improved appearance. We are glad to observe that the character of the paper is quite in harmony with its improved form and dress. Evidently no cost or pains are being spared to make it all that can be desired as a religious and family newspaper. And it is pleasing to know that enterprise which is being displayed in its management is duly appreciated, as is evinced by the increasing number of its subscribers. This is as it should be; nothing will so effectually aid the conductors of the paper in their laudable efforts to make it all that it should be as the hearty sympathy and co-operation of its agents and patrons.

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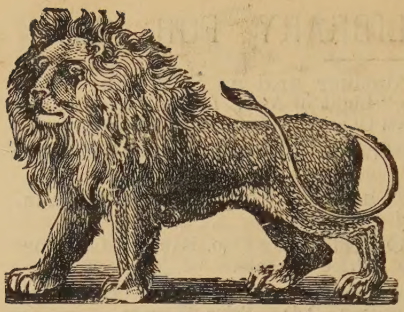

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